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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 5th, 1938.

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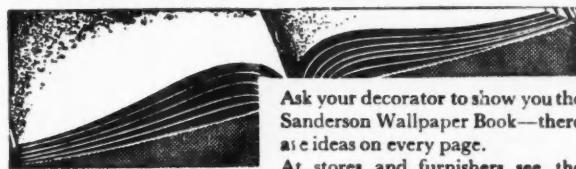
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GENERAL ANNOUNCEMENTS

(continued.)

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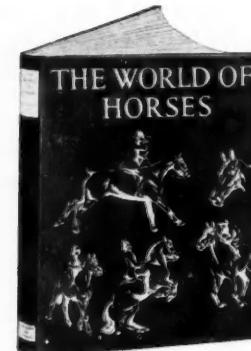
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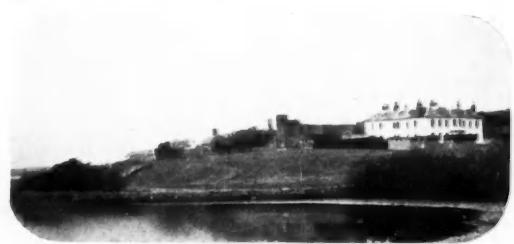
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PLEASURE
GROUNDS

rose garden, tennis court, four well-watered paddocks; in all

20 ACRES.

TO BE SOLD.

Inspected and recommended by the Sole Agents, HAMPTON & SONS, 6, Arlington Street, S.W.1. (M.40,305.)



Estate Offices: 6, ARLINGTON STREET, ST. JAMES'S, S.W.1

BRANCH OFFICES: WIMBLEDON (Phone 0080) and HAMPSTEAD (Phone 0082)

Telephone No.:
Regent 4304.

OSBORN & MERCER

MEMBERS OF THE CHARTERED SURVEYORS' AND AUCTIONEERS' INSTITUTES

Telegraphic Address:
"Overbid, Piccy, London."

**Fresh in the market, only
owing to a bereavement.**

A REALLY DELIGHTFUL OLD CHARACTER HOUSE, IN RURAL COUNTRY NEAR IPSWICH

dating from the XVIIth Century.

Lounge hall, 4 reception rooms, 9 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms.

In excellent order,
and thoroughly up-to-date.
Main electricity and gas,
central heating etc.

FINE OLD TITHE BARN



RICH PASTURELAND OF NEARLY 90 ACRES

Inspected and highly recommended by the Sole London Agents, OSBORN & MERCER. (16,945.)

**London 1½ hours from
the House.**

Stabling. Garages.

Old World Gardens

possessing the charm of complete maturity,
with shady lawns, herbaceous borders,
walled kitchen garden, etc.

**2 Cottages.
Very Good Farm
Buildings.**

LAND BOUNDED BY A RIVER, AND
SUITABLE FOR PEDIGREE HERD.

RURAL HERTS



Just over an hour from London.

4 reception, 10 bedrooms,
Bathroom.

**Main Electricity and
Water.**

GOOD STABLING

Well Timbered Matured
Grounds and Pasture.

33 Acres

ONLY £3,250

Agents, OSBORN & MERCER. (M. 2065.)

2,000 ACRES

An Estate about 2 hours from Town.

With a Residence of medium size, standing in Parklike Grounds.

Numerous Farms and Holdings, etc., with a Gross

INCOME of about £2,100 p.a.

including moderate estimate for House and a Farm in hand.

PRICE

£13 PER ACRE

Agents, OSBORN & MERCER. (15,871.)

KENT

In really delightful rural surroundings.

Old Oak-beamed House in Delightful Gardens



Long carriage drive.

Hall, 2 reception, 6 bedrooms,
bathroom.

**Main electric light and
water.**

Farmery.

Pasture and Woodland.

30 Acres

For Sale by OSBORN & MERCER. (c. 709.)

90 MINUTES WEST OF LONDON

A highly attractive Residential and Sporting Estate of about

1,000 ACRES

with a handsome

XVIIth Century Residence

of moderate size, standing in a Park, and having Capital Shooting Woodlands.

Several Farms and Holdings, Cottages, etc.

Recommended from personal inspection by OSBORN & MERCER.

2,500 ACRES

AT A GREATLY REDUCED PRICE
TO ENSURE AN EARLY SALE

AN IMPORTANT ESTATE IN YORKSHIRE

with Woodlands, a small moor, numerous Farms, Holdings,
Cottages, etc.

Perfectly Appointed Residence in Park

For Sale by OSBORN & MERCER. (16,224.)

TO BE SOLD OR LET.

SUFFOLK

This Fine Period Residence



Gravel soil. South aspect. Carriage drive.
4 reception, 9 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms.

Main electricity. Central heating.

3 COTTAGES.

Matured Grounds, walled Kitchen Garden, etc.

Parklands of 37 Acres

Inspected by OSBORN & MERCER. (16,164.)

ABOUT AN HOUR FROM LONDON

Amidst completely unspoiled rural surroundings.

Charming Georgian Residence in Well-timbered Park

centrally placed, approached by two carriage drives with Lodges.

**Lounge hall,
3 reception rooms,
Billiard room,
8 bedrooms, etc.**

**Electric light.
Central heating.
Main water.**

Ample Outbuildings.

90 Acres

For Sale or to be Let.

Inspected by
OSBORN & MERCER. (16,824.)



PRICE SUBSTANTIALLY REDUCED TO ENSURE EARLY SALE

GEORGE TROLLOPE & SONS
 (ESTABLISHED 1778)
 25, MOUNT STREET, GROSVENOR SQUARE, W.I.

Telephone No.: Grosvenor 1553 (4 lines).

ONE OF THE FINEST PROPERTIES AVAILABLE TO-DAY

South aspect with lovely views. Loin soil. 1 hour London. Close to buses.
SURROUNDED BY LARGE ESTATES AND IMMUNE FROM DEVELOPMENT.

This Tudor-style, half-timbered
RESIDENCE
 on 2 floors, contains:
 12 bed and 2 dressing rooms, 5 baths,
 4 reception rooms.
 Central heating, main water and
 electric light, Tuke and Bell drainage.
 Garage, Entrance Lodge,
 2 Cottages.

The Gardens and Grounds are of
 great natural beauty and include
 fine specimen trees, terraces and
 sloping lawns. LAKE of 3 Acres,
 Tennis Court, Woods and Parkland,
 in all
25 ACRES

FOR SALE AT A VERY REASONABLE PRICE
 Illustrated particulars from GEORGE TROLLOPE & SONS, 25, Mount Street, W.I. (A. 2729.)

A BARGAIN AT REDUCED PRICE OF £7,500.
ON BANKS OF FALMOUTH HARBOUR
 1,600FT. WATER FRONTAGE. SAFE ANCHORAGE.
DELIGHTFUL GEORGIAN RESIDENCE
 Recently the subject of a large expenditure and now one of the most beautiful properties of its kind in the County.

11 bed, 3 bath, 4 reception rooms.
 Main electric light.
 Excellent water.
 Central heating.
 STABLING.
 2 GARAGES.
 Chauffeur's Flat.
 COTTAGE.
 Men's Rooms.
BEAUTIFUL GROUNDS
 sloping to water.
 Boatshed, Landing Slip, Paddocks and Woodland.
20 ACRES

MORE LAND AVAILABLE.
 Photos of GEORGE TROLLOPE & SONS, 25, Mount Street, London, W.I. (A. 7512.)

1½ HOURS NORTH OF LONDON
 EXCELLENT HUNTING DISTRICT WITHIN 4 MILES OF THE KENNELS.
FOR SALE AT £3,500

Accommodation practically on 2 floors.
 12 bedrooms, bathroom, 3 reception rooms.
 Co.'s water.
 Electric light (main available).
 Central heating.
 Excellent Stabling and Garage accommodation.
 2 Cottages.
 Well-timbered Grounds and Paddocks.

17 ACRES

GEORGE TROLLOPE & SONS, 25, Mount Street, W.I. (6286.)

TURNER LORD & RANSOM
 127, MOUNT STREET, LONDON, W.I.

Telegrams: TURLORAN, Audley, London.

TO LOVERS OF THE OLD WORLD SUSSEX
 THIS BEAUTIFUL ELIZABETHAN HOUSE

in typical, unspoilt Sussex Country.
20 ACRES.
 Ponds, Tithe Barn, Paddocks, Spinney, 3 reception rooms, loggia, offices, 4 bedrooms, modern bathroom.
 Central heating, GARDENS, COTTAGE of 5 rooms, FARMERY.
FREEHOLD.

Further particulars and order to view, apply TURNER LORD & RANSOM, 127, Mount Street, London, W.I.

BERKS, NEAR HANTS BORDERS
 WONDERFUL VIEWS.
 5 miles Reading. On high ground and near Basingstoke and Newbury.
A GENTLEMAN'S SMALL ESTATE

in lovely grounds, with woodland, paddocks, walled gardens.
GARAGES.
 12 bedrooms, 5 bathrooms, 4 reception rooms.
 Central heating and modern improvements.
30 ACRES.

LODGES. **COTTAGE.** **FARMERY.**
 TURNER LORD & RANSOM, 127, Mount Street, London, W.I.

ADAMS & WATTS
 38, SLOANE STREET, S.W.1. (Tel. Slo. 6200.)

GENUINE TUDOR COTTAGE

CAREFULLY RESTORED.
 MUCH OLD OAK. OPEN FIREPLACES.
 THE IDEAL WEEK-END COTTAGE.

Hastemere 5 miles.

SITUATED IN THE CENTRE OF LARGE PRIVATE ESTATE.
 UNSPOILED COUNTRY.
 FEW MILES COWDRAY PARK.

5 BEDROOMS. 2 BATHROOMS. 23 RECEPTION ROOMS.
 GARAGE. MAIN SUPPLIES. PRETTY GARDEN.
 LEASE FOR DISPOSAL.

VERY LOW RESERVE.
BERKSHIRE
 CLOSE TO SONNING GOLF COURSE.

The Matured Modern Freehold residence of Charm and Distinction.

GRATWICKE, WEST DRIVE,
 Entrance hall, cloakroom, 2 sitting, 4 bedrooms (fitted b. and c.), tiled bathroom, excellent offices. Two Garages. Electric light and power, gas, Co.'s water. Central heating. Gardens and Grounds of 1 ACRE.

For SALE by AUCTION, NOVEMBER 19TH.
 Full particulars, **BUCKLAND & SONS, 154, Friar Street, Reading.**
 (Phone 2890.) Windsor, Slough and London.

Telephones:
Grosvenor 3131 (3 lines)

CURTIS & HENSON

LONDON

Telegrams:
"Submit, London."

REDUCED PRICE FOR QUICK SALE.

BEAUTIFULLY PLACED IN SUSSEX

WITHIN EASY REACH OF ELECTRIC TRAIN SERVICE TO LONDON.



RESIDENCE OF CHARACTER STANDING ON A SOUTHERN SLOPE

Up-to-date and in first class order.

LOUNGE HALL.
3 RECEPTION ROOMS.
BILLIARD ROOM (with Library recess).
7 PRINCIPAL BED AND
DRESSING ROOMS.
NURSERIES. 4 BATHROOMS.
SERVANTS' ACCOMMODATION.
Central Heating.
Company's Electric Light and Water.
HOME FARM
WITH EXCELLENT BUILDINGS.
BAILIFF'S HOUSE.
LODGE AND 2 COTTAGES.



Mature Pleasure Grounds and Parklike Pastureland, the whole extending to nearly 70 ACRES.

FOR SALE AS A WHOLE (OR MIGHT BE DIVIDED)

Confidentially recommended from personal knowledge by CURTIS & HENSON, as above.

SHELTERED BY THE QUANTOCK HILLS.—EARLY GEORGIAN HOUSE, constructed of local stone; fine views over the surrounding country. 4 reception rooms, 7 principal bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, good domestic accommodation. Central heating; electric light; modern drainage; excellent water supply. Garage and stabling. Matured Gardens comprising lake, lawns, rose garden, walled kitchen garden. About 11½ ACRES.

Excellent Hunting. Rough Shooting over 500 Acres. To be Let Unfurnished, with or without the Shooting. (15,315.)

SMALL RACING ESTABLISHMENT.—Near Newmarket Heath, immediately adjoining well-known Training Grounds. Substantially-built RESIDENCE, in perfect repair and lavishly appointed. 4 reception rooms, 13 bed and dressing rooms, 6 bathrooms. Central heating and main services. Large Garage and useful Outbuildings. Extensive range of loose boxes. Very Pleasant Gardens, with wide lawns shaded by fine trees, herbaceous borders, kitchen garden and hard tennis court.

FOR SALE AT NEARLY HALF ITS COST. (15,470.)

COMMANDING THE ENGLISH CHANNEL.—Beautiful MARINE VILLA, unique in character and design. 4 reception rooms, loggia, 11 principal bed and dressing rooms, 7 bathrooms; 7 servants' bedrooms, modern domestic offices. Main water, gas and electric light. Central heating. Garage. Self-contained Flat.

Hard Tennis Court and Bathing Hut. The Gardens and Grounds form a perfect setting for the Residence. In all about 13 ACRES. FOR SALE AT GREATLY REDUCED PRICE. Excellent Golf in vicinity (10,354.)

WELL-KNOWN EARLY GEORGIAN HOUSE.—Only 9 miles from the West End yet in a quiet position overlooking a Green of great historical interest close to the shopping centre and river. Hall, morning room, dining room, study, drawing room (all panelled), excellent domestic offices, 6 principal bedrooms, 4 servants' bedrooms, 3 bathrooms. Central heating; main water, drainage; gas and electricity. Secluded Garden. Many thousands have been spent on the property during recent years and it is now in perfect order throughout. For Sale Freehold. 2 Golf Courses nearby.—Illustrated particulars from CURTIS and HENSON, 5, Mount Street, W.I. (5274.)

AN EXCEPTIONAL MODERN RESIDENCE.—Beautifully placed in rural Kent, within easy reach of good train service to London. Panelled hall, 4 reception rooms, 12 bed and dressing rooms, 5 perfectly fitted bedrooms, sun loggia, domestic offices (with labour-saving conveniences). Central heating; main water and electricity. Entrance lodge and two cottages. Garage (for 3 cars). Timbered Grounds of great charm, with lawns and terraces leading to 3-acre lake; paddocks; in all about 25 ACRES. FOR SALE FREEHOLD. Recommended with every confidence. (16,187)

Further particulars of the above properties may be obtained from the Owners' Agents, CURTIS & HENSON, 5, Mount Street, W.I.

KENT-SURREY BORDERS UNSPOILT JACOBEAN MANOR HOUSE

London 20 miles. 700ft. up.

DATING BACK TO 1500.

Unobtrusively modernised in the last few years.

Lounge hall, drawing room, dining room, 7 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms.

Ground floor central heating.

Main water. Own electricity.

GARAGE (for 4 cars).

6-ROOMED COTTAGE.

Old-world Garden with old lawns and fine trees. Hard tennis court and swimming pool 30ft. by 15ft. by 6ft. deep.

4½ ACRES.

Particulars from CURTIS & HENSON, 5, Mount Street, W.I. (15,737.)



OLD WILTSHIRE STONE HOUSE WELL BACK FROM ROAD

MODERNISED AND IN
EXCELLENT ORDER.

HALL, 3 RECEPTION ROOMS,
LOGGIA, 5 BEDROOMS,
BATHROOM.

Electric light.

Central heating.

MODEL HOME FARM

Also a separate range of farm buildings and a good farm house

2 COTTAGES.

254 ACRES

Particulars from CURTIS & HENSON, 5, Mount Street, W.I.



SUSSEX-KENT BORDERS

1 MILE FROM 1 HOUR TRAIN SERVICE TO LONDON.

500ft. up with Superb Views.

Lounge hall, 2 reception rooms.

Billiards room, Winter garden.

12 bedrooms, 6 bathrooms.

*Main Electricity, Gas, Water and
Drainage, Central Heating.*

Garages; Loose Boxes; Grooms' Quarters.

LODGE.



Pleasant Gardens with Hard and Grass Tennis Courts; Squash Racquets Court, 9-hole Golf Course, natural park and woodlands.

In all 102 ACRES (additional 78 Acres if required)

Moderate Price Asked

Further information from CURTIS & HENSON, 5, Mount Street, W.I. (15,434.)

14, MOUNT STREET,
GROSVENOR SQUARE, LONDON, W.1

WILSON & CO.

CHARTERED SURVEYORS, LAND AGENTS AND AUCTIONEERS

Telephone :
Grosvenor 1441 (three lines.)

**25 MILES SOUTH OF LONDON. CLOSE TO A SURREY COMMON
A LOVELY OLD STONE-BUILT MANOR HOUSE WITH DELIGHTFUL UNSPOILT VIEWS**



13 BEDROOMS, 3 BATHROOMS, LOUNGE HALL, 3 RECEPTION ROOMS, BILLIARDS ROOM, SPLENDID DOMESTIC OFFICES.

"Esse" Cooker, main electric light, gas and water, central heating and domestic hot water by gas boiler.
GARAGES WITH FLAT OF 6 ROOMS AND BATHROOM OVER.

Recently renovated and redecorated throughout.
7-ROOMED LODGE. STABLING. OUTBUILDINGS.

LOVELY WELL-TIMBERED GARDENS.

CLOSE TO GOLF AND PRIVATE TENNIS AND SQUASH RACQUETS CLUB.

ABOUT 10 ACRES

FREEHOLD FOR SALE

Owner's Agents, WILSON & Co., 14, Mount Street, W.1.

**CLOSE TO SONNING GOLF COURSE
A PERFECTLY APPOINTED MODERN HOUSE**



Under 1 hour from Town, Express Train Service.

5 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, 2 delightful reception rooms.
All Main Services.

GARAGE (for 2 cars). Hard Tennis Court.

DELIGHTFUL GARDENS.
ABOUT 1½ ACRES

FREEHOLD FOR SALE

including practically the whole of the nearly new and artistic furnishings, curtains, carpets, etc.

Sole Agents : WILSON & Co., 14, Mount Street, W.1.

MAGNIFICENT POSITION IN SURREY

SOUTHERN SLOPE OF PITCH HILL. GUILDFORD 10 MILES.



Beautiful panoramic views.

DELIGHTFUL STONE-BUILT HOUSE

Oak beams and floors, mullioned windows, 7 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, large lounge, dining room, music room (34ft. by 18ft.).

Main electric light and water. Central heating.
GARAGES AND CHAUFFEUR'S COTTAGE.

CHARMING GARDENS. HARD TENNIS COURT.

ABOUT 8 ACRES. TO BE SOLD

Sole Agents, WILSON & Co., 14, Mount Street, W.1.

Telephone
Grosvenor 2252
(6 lines)
After Office hours
Livingstone 1066

CONSTABLE & MAUDE

COUNTRY PROPERTIES. TOWN HOUSES AND FLATS. INVESTMENTS.
2, MOUNT STREET, LONDON, W.1 (And at Shrewsbury)



SUSSEX

Amidst the South Downs and within easy reach of the sea.
**A BEAUTIFUL, HISTORICAL RESIDENCE,
ST. MARY'S, BRAMBER.**

Believed to date from the time of King John. One of the best preserved and most interesting specimens of early English architecture, containing:

OUTER AND INNER HALLS, LOUNGE HALL, 4 RECEPTION ROOMS,
17 BED AND DRESSING ROOMS, 3 BATHROOMS.

All modern conveniences, including electric light (main), company's water, central heating.
EXCELLENT OUTBUILDINGS. 4 COTTAGES.

AND

BEAUTIFUL OLD-FASHIONED GARDENS

with Tennis and Croquet Lawns, Rose Garden, Charming Woodland, well-stocked Vegetable Garden; in all

10 ACRES

FOR SALE BY PRIVATE TREATY

Sole Agents : CONSTABLE & MAUDE, 2, Mount Street, W.1.

SUSSEX (near the Coast and ancient Rye).—FOR SALE
ON TERMS WITHOUT PARALLEL. £1,495
Freehold. Fascinating home dating from 1760 A.D. Charming
village with expansive views away to a renowned and centuries old castle. Everything very restful and tucked away from the maddening crowd, yet a few minutes motoring distance of many coastal places. 5 bedrooms (all good size), 3 reception (one with beams and lovely old fireplace), Co.'s electric and power; abundant supply of water. Enchanting small gardens, crazy paths, etc.—Inspected and recommended by GANDERS, 22, Hampstead High Street, N.W.3 (Tel.: Ham 6947.)

DEVON AND S. & W. COUNTIES

THE ONLY COMPLETE ILLUSTRATED REGISTER.

Price 2/6.

SELECTED LISTS FREE.

RIPPON, BOSWELL & CO., F.A.I.,

(Est. 1884.) EXETER.

BORDERS OF BERKSHIRE, HANTS AND SURREY.
FAVoured SOCIAL AND SPORTING DISTRICT

BEAUTIFUL COUNTRY RESIDENCE (300ft. altitude).—Thoroughly modernised and replete with every comfort. 4 reception rooms, 10 bedrooms (with b. and c. basins), 2 dressing rooms, 4 bathrooms. Stabling, Garages, Cottage and Lodge. Company's water, gas and electricity; central heating. 13½ Acres of Charming Grounds. Price £9,500 FREEHOLD.—Agents: STONE & COWGILL, Camberley. (Tel.: 281.)

Telegrams:
"Wood, Agents, Wesdo,
London."

JOHN D. WOOD & CO.

23, BERKELEY SQUARE, LONDON, W.I.

Telephone No.:
Mayfair 6341 (10 lines).

HERTFORDSHIRE

Hatfield 7 miles and about 1 mile from two other stations.

Standing High on gravel soil with views to South and East over River.

A VERY FINE QUEEN ANNE REPLICA

LOUNGE HALL.
3 RECEPTION ROOMS.
13 BEDROOMS.
4 DRESSING ROOMS.
4 BATHROOMS.



CENTRAL HEATING.
ALL MAIN SERVICES.

STABLING
AND
GARAGE BUILDINGS.

3 COTTAGES.

PRICE £7,500 with 26 ACRES
OR WITH LESS LAND.

Full particulars from Messrs. JOHN D. WOOD & CO., 23, Berkeley Square, London, W.I. (40,307.)

HIGH HAMPSHIRE

2½ miles from Express Station within an hour of Waterloo.

Close to Golf Course.

Hunting with the Vine and H. H.

ATTRACTIVE GEORGIAN RESIDENCE

in beautiful order, approached by a nice avenue carriage drive with 2 Lodges.

LOUNGE HALL.
BILLIARD AND 3 RECEPTION.
12 BED.
DRESSING ROOM.
2 BATHROOMS.
ETON FIVES' COURT.
GARAGE
AND CHAUFFEUR'S FLAT.



CENTRAL HEATING.
MAIN WATER AND
ELECTRIC LIGHT.

CHARMING GARDEN
and walled Kitchen Garden and Parkland.

In all about
28½ ACRES

PRICE ONLY £7,000

Photo and Plan of JOHN D. WOOD & CO., 23, Berkeley Square, W.I. (60,567.)

DORSET

IN THE CATTISTOCK COUNTRY ABOUT 7 MILES FROM THE COAST.

THE CHARMING OLD MANOR HOUSE

with
HALL.
3 RECEPTION.
8 BEDROOMS.
3 BATHROOMS.

ELECTRIC LIGHT.
CENTRAL HEATING.



STABLING,
GARAGE.

DELIGHTFUL GARDENS.

Excellent water supply.

2 COTTAGES.
and
NEARLY 13 ACRES

FURTHER PASTURE LAND IS
AVAILABLE.

Inspected and recommended by the Sole Agents, JOHN D. WOOD & CO., 23, Berkeley Square, W.I., from whom illustrated particulars may be obtained. (61,422.)

KENT AND SUSSEX BORDERS

IN AN UNSPOILT SITUATION.



Main water. Electricity.

GOOD COTTAGE

Swimming pool and ½ mile of river frontage
with trout fishing.

GOOD GARDEN, ORCHARD AND
PADDocks.

ABOUT 14 ACRES

ONLY JUST IN THE MARKET.
TO BE SOLD FREEHOLD, OR MIGHT
BE LET FURNISHED.

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SOUTHAMPTON :
ANTHONY B. FOX, F.S.I., F.A.I.
Telegrams:
"Homefinder" Bournemouth

BRANKSOME PARK, BOURNEMOUTH

AT THE MOUTH OF BRANKSOME CHINE.

THIS MOST ATTRACTIVE FREEHOLD RESIDENCE FOR SALE
by AUCTION on NOVEMBER 17th, 1938, unless previously sold privately.

SPECIALLY DESIGNED AND BUILT
LAST YEAR.

SUNNY CORNER POSITION WITH
DELIGHTFUL SEA VIEWS.

7 BEDROOMS
(each fitted basin h. and c.).

2 DRESSING ROOMS.

4 BATHROOMS.



Illustrated particulars of the Auctioneers: FOX & SONS, 52, Poole Road, Bournemouth West.

SUITABLE FOR AN HOTEL, CLUB, SCHOOL OR INSTITUTION SOUTH HAMPSHIRE COAST

ENJOYING A BEAUTIFUL SETTING IN A QUIET VILLAGE WHERE EXCELLENT YACHTING FACILITIES ARE AVAILABLE.

Only about 5 miles from the County Borough of Bournemouth.

Within a short distance of the sea shore.

TO BE SOLD FREEHOLD

This distinctive and valuable MANSION, built in the Greek style with handsome colonnade and containing the following accommodation:

19 BED AND DRESSING ROOMS,
3 BATHROOMS.

FINE SUITE OF RECEPTION ROOMS,
LIBRARY.

AMPLE DOMESTIC OFFICES.

All main services are available.



Particulars may be obtained of Messrs. FOX & SONS, Land Agents, Bournemouth.

4 RECEPTION.

LOUNGE HALL.

SERVANTS' SITTING ROOM.

WELL-EQUIPPED KITCHEN.

CENTRAL HEATING.

DOUBLE GARAGE.

CHARMING GARDEN.

POSSESSION ON COMPLETION.

EXCELLENT STABLING AND GARAGES.

Entrance Lodge.

Superb well-timbered pleasure GARDENS AND GROUNDS with fine spreading lawns, rose pergolas, rock garden, etc.; the whole extending to an area of about

10 ACRES

PRICE £8,000 FREEHOLD

Additional land up to 108 Acres can be purchased if required, including the Home Farm and buildings and several Cottages. A portion of the land has a long frontage bordering to the sea shore.

DORKING, SURREY

1½ MILES FROM STATION WITH GOOD EXPRESS SERVICE TO LONDON. 24 MILES TO LONDON BY ROAD.

Occupying a perfectly secluded position.

Close to several good golf courses.

The subject of a special article in "Country Life."

TO BE SOLD

This exceptionally valuable small FREEHOLD ESTATE, with a perfect example of a Jacobean Manor House built in 1611 having a great number of historical features of this period. 10 principal and 7 staff bedrooms, 4 bathrooms, 5 reception rooms, gun room, ample domestic offices.

Main electric light, gas and water.

Central heating.

2 picturesque Entrance Lodges, 4 Cottages, Garages, Stabling. Beautiful Gardens and Grounds, with fine yew hedges, herbaceous borders, well-kept lawns, orchard, lake, productive kitchen garden, parkland and woodland.

Also Secondary Residence, home farm, farm lands, several good cottages; the whole extending to about

to about

340 ACRES

THE RESIDENCE with either 83 ACRES or 26 ACRES WOULD BE SOLD SEPARATELY, IF DESIRED.

Particulars may be obtained of FOX & SONS, Land Agents, Bournemouth.



IN THE BLACKMORE VALE AND CATTISTOCK HUNTS.

Occupying a perfectly rural position between Sherborne and Dorchester.

220ft. above sea level and commanding fine open views.

FOR SALE FREEHOLD

The imposing stone-built RESIDENCE, standing well away from the road in charming pleasure grounds.

12 BEDROOMS, 3 BATHROOMS,
3 RECEPTION ROOMS,
AMPLE DOMESTIC OFFICES.



Central heating. Electric light.
Company's water.

EXCELLENT STABLING AND GARAGES.

3 Cottages.

Beautiful old-established GROUNDS, including flower gardens and herbaceous borders, well-kept lawns, clipped hedges and grass walks, flowering shrubs, tennis lawns, productive kitchen garden and paddock; the whole extending to an area of about

14½ ACRES

Price and full particulars of FOX & SONS, Land Agents, Bournemouth.

FOX & SONS, BOURNEMOUTH (TEN OFFICES); AND SOUTHAMPTON

ESTATE HARRODS OFFICES

Kens. 1490. Telegrams: "Estate, Harrods, London."

BUCKS AND BERKS BORDERS

In a perfectly rural position, adjoining a broad domain and OVERLOOKING A GOLF COURSE WITH PRIVATE GATEWAY THERETO, yet only 25 minutes from Paddington.

COST TO PRESENT
OWNER ABOUT
£20,000



PRICE ASKED
£12,500.
FREEHOLD.

c.2.



A BEAUTIFUL AND INTERESTING OLD HOUSE

Reconditioned and made into one of the most delightful homes imaginable.

3 reception rooms, 14 bedrooms, 4 bathrooms.

Main water and electricity: complete central heating.

GARAGES.

CHAUFFEUR'S MAISONETTE (with bathroom).

MODEL FARMERY. STABLING.

3 COTTAGES (all with water and light).

WONDERFUL GARDENS.

Hard Tennis Court and Parklike Meadowland; in all

ABOUT 26 ACRES

Strongly recommended as a property of outstanding merit by HARRODS, LTD., 62-64, Brompton Road, S.W.1.



SNOWDENHAM HALL, BRAMLEY, SURREY

One of the finest situations in the County, commanding distant views over the beautiful undulating country. Bramley Station 1 mile, Guildford 3 miles, London 35 miles.

COUNTRY HOME WITH DIGNITY AND CHARACTER

Modernised throughout; inexpensive to maintain.

Impressive hall, handsome suite of 3 reception, billiards room, 14 principal bed and dressing rooms, servants' rooms, 7 well-fitted bathrooms, offices.

Co.'s electric light and power. Central heating.

Constant hot water. Co.'s water available.

Modern Sanitation.

5 COTTAGES, GARAGES FOR 5 CARS.

STABLING FOR 3. OUTBUILDINGS.

REALLY BEAUTIFUL UNDULATING GROUNDS

IN ALL ABOUT 33½ ACRES

FIRST-RATE GOLFING FACILITIES.

For SALE privately, or by AUCTION November 22nd.

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c.14.



EASTBOURNE 12 MILES

High up; quiet and peaceful situation; views over the Pevensey Levels to Beachy Head.

MODERN RESIDENCE OF CHARACTER

Built and fitted to reduce domestic labour to minimum.

3 reception, 6 bedrooms (all fitted basins) 3 bath, maids' sitting room.

Main water and electricity (light and power): central heating.

GARAGE FOR LARGE CAR.

FOR SALE WITH

ABOUT 3 ACRES, £2,650

OR WITH

ABOUT 6 ACRES, £2,950

Recommended as a Bargain at these prices by HARRODS, LTD., 62-64, Brompton Road, S.W.1.



c.2.



Adjoining Malvern College grounds and occupying a pleasant position on level ground, yet standing high with a lovely view over the Severn Valley to the Cotswolds and Bredon Hill.

ATTRACTIVE AND SUBSTANTIAL RESIDENCE

Lounge hall, 3 reception, full-sized billiard room, 7 bed, dressing room, bathroom.

All main services. Central heating.

GARAGE FOR 2 CARS.

MATURED GARDEN OF ABOUT 1 ACRE.

PRICE £2,300

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RIVIERA BRANCH

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PHONE: 3165 (3 lines). COUNTRY PROPERTIES IN EAST ANGLIA.



**LITTLE HORKESLEY
ESSEX - SUFFOLK BORDERS**

A BEAUTIFUL GEORGIAN RESIDENCE

Occupying unspoilt rural position.

HALL, 6 BEDROOMS, 2 BATHROOMS, 3 RECEPTION ROOMS.
COTTAGE.

EXCELLENT OUTBUILDINGS, including range of Stabling ; Garages for 4 cars ; Barn, etc
GARDEN AND DELIGHTFUL TIMBERED GROUNDS

TOTAL ABOUT 4½ ACRES FOR SALE FREEHOLD

Full particulars from SOLE AGENTS, as above.

By Direction of the Executrix of the late Mrs. Cholmondeley.

**AN ISLE OF WIGHT COASTAL RETREAT
IN BEAUTIFUL SYLVAN SURROUNDINGS**

Sunny aspect.

WITH VACANT POSSESSION. FREEHOLD.

Sheltered and warm.



5 principal bedrooms (with b. and c.), 2 bathrooms, 2 maids' bedrooms, large sunny lounge, study, dining room and well-appointed domestic arrangements.

Central Heating.

GARAGE (for 3 cars). Hall and cloakroom. Maintained in Perfect Condition.

EXQUISITE NATURAL GARDENS

with Chine and Paddock. Lodge at drive entrance. Tennis court ; produce garden.

All conveniences.



FOR SALE, with 7½ ACRES or less, as required, and own access to SANDY BEACH.

VERY REASONABLE PRICE ACCEPTABLE, TO CLOSE THE ESTATE

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A PERFECT TUDOR COTTAGE RESIDENCE ON THE TOP OF THE OXFORDSHIRE CHILTERN



8 miles Henley, 12 Reading.

3 RECEPTION ROOMS.
6 BEDROOMS.
2 BATHROOMS.
COTTAGE.

Electric light. Central heating.

GLORIOUS GARDEN AND GROUNDS.

3½ ACRES

FREEHOLD £4,000

IMMEDIATE POSSESSION.



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In a very favourite Residential District, a few miles from several noted Golf Courses and about 25 miles of London.



DELIGHTFUL MODERN RESIDENCE in a quiet retired situation. 3 reception, large garden room, 7 bedrooms and 3 bathrooms.

Central Heating and Main Services.

CHARMING BUT INEXPENSIVE GARDENS of natural beauty, merging into sylvan woodlands carpeted with heather and bracken ; in all about

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SUSSEX

With beautiful views extending to the Coast.



CHARMING COUNTRY RESIDENCE on which large sums have been spent in modernising and improvements. 3-4 reception rooms, about a dozen bedrooms, 4 bathrooms, etc.

Main water and electricity. Central Heating.

Exceptional Grounds with walled kitchen garden and glasshouses, splendid outbuildings.

BAILIFF'S HOUSE. 5 COTTAGES.

£7,000 WITH 60 ACRES.

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QUEEN ANNE FARMHOUSE, the earlier portion being of the Tudor period, with some fine old half timbering, the whole carefully modernised.

3 reception, 6 bedrooms, bathroom.

Main electric light. Central heating, etc.

STABLING. GARAGE. COTTAGE.

The GROUNDS are a feature, and include a beautiful beech walk, hard tennis court, paddock, etc. ; in all about 5 ACRES.

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UNIQUE IN ITS PEACEFUL SITUATION AND UNSPOILABLE SURROUNDINGS.

500ft. above sea level. 19 miles from London. Frequent service of Electric Trains.



One of the finest situations in Surrey, adjoining and overlooking Golf Course which will remain a permanent open space in perpetuity.

The Residence is beautifully appointed and possesses every convenience. It is approached by a drive, and comprises:

3 reception, billiard room, 6 principal bedrooms, dressing room, 3 servants' bedrooms, 3 bathrooms and maids' sitting room.

Central Heating.

Main Electric Light, Gas and Water.

GARAGE. STABLING. COTTAGE.

WELL TIMBERED GROUNDS forming a perfect setting with tennis and other lawns.



FOR SALE WITH ABOUT THREE ACRES.

FREEHOLD.

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A DEVONSHIRE MANOR HOUSE

WITH A HISTORY GOING BACK TO FEUDAL TIMES

ENJOYING SEA AND MOORLAND AIR. 20 MILES FROM THE COAST.

In exceptionally beautiful country on a ridge, but well protected with fine south views to Dartmoor. The Residence has been completely modernised, but still retains its original charm with unique features of great interest including an original Saxon doorway, Tudor windows and a handsome Elizabethan mantelpiece with rich carvings.

FINE LOUNGE HALL. 3 RECEPTION, SERVANTS' HALL, 8 BEDROOMS, DRESSING ROOM, 2 BATHROOMS, 3 STAFF BEDROOMS.

Central heating and electric light.

GARAGE AND STABLING.



HUNTING WITH FOUR PACKS. SHOOTING. FISHING IN THE TORRIDGE.

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The well-timbered PLEASURE GROUNDS contain many fine conifers and other timber trees, fine clumps of rhododendrons; tennis court, vegetable garden, two good orchards, and two enclosures of meadowland. The remainder comprises Farm (about 80 Acres) with small farmhouse and buildings; in all

NEARLY 100 ACRES

THE WHOLE FORMS AN ATTRACTIVE RESIDENTIAL, SPORTING AND AGRICULTURAL ESTATE.

FOR SALE AT A TEMPTING PRICE

AMIDST LARGE AREAS OF BERKSHIRE COMMONS

29 MILES FROM LONDON. COMPLETE SECLUSION ASSURED.

CENTURIES-OLD HOUSE WITH VARIED AND INTERESTING FEATURES

350ft. above sea level.
Excellent bracing air.

THIS MELLOWED TUDOR RESIDENCE

of long low elevation has had a large sum of money expended on it and is equipped with all up-to-date conveniences. It has been added to at various times, and a noteworthy feature is an attractive wing in the "Adams" style.



A Happy Combination of two Periods: Traditional Tudor and Modern Georgian.



The Oak-beamed Lounge Hall.

"Esse" cooker. "Permitit" water softener.

GARAGE AND STABLING ACCOMMODATION.

LOVELY PLEASURE GROUNDS

laid out in the old-fashioned style with tennis lawns and badminton lawns, grass walks, fruit and vegetable gardens. Adding to their charm and forming an appropriate setting is one of the finest old barns in the County.

FOR SALE WITH ABOUT 5 ACRES AT A REASONABLE PRICE



The Adam-style Drawing Room.

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CHARMING HOUSE OF CHARACTER, MAINLY OF GEORGIAN PERIOD.
Perfectly appointed and in faultless order throughout.
10 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, 3 reception rooms, oak floors.
Central Heating throughout. Main electric light. Excellent water supply.
STABLING. LARGE GARAGE. 2 COTTAGES.
Lovely Timbered Grounds, hard tennis court, small farmery; in all about
15 ACRES.

FREEHOLD FOR SALE

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BETWEEN GUILDFORD AND PETERSFIELD

A WONDERFUL SITUATION. 700FT. ABOVE SEA LEVEL.



A MODERN GEORGIAN HOUSE

commanding superb views to Midhurst and the South Downs.
2½ miles from main line station, with electric service to Town in 50 minutes.
8 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, 3 reception rooms, sun room. Main water and light.
Central heating. GARAGE. COTTAGE. Beautifully-wooded Gardens and Grounds.

FREEHOLD FOR SALE WITH 10 OR 25 ACRES

Very strongly recommended by the Agents: RALPH PAY & TAYLOR, 3, Mount St., W.I.

EAST SUSSEX MANOR HOUSE

Unexpectedly available.

15 minutes by car from Lewes with express electric service to London.

OVERLOOKING A LOVELY LAKE OF 3 ACRES, AFFORDING FISHING AND WILD FOWLING



5 principal bedrooms, 3 principal bathrooms, 3 secondary bedrooms, 1 secondary bathroom, 3 reception rooms, billiards room and fine lounge. **TWO COTTAGES.** Model home farm available if required.

Very fine though easily maintained gardens, 3 tennis lawns. Complete protection is afforded by the adjoining WOODLAND and PASTURELAND; in all

112 ACRES.

FOR SALE FREEHOLD £8,500

N.B.—This property is definitely one of the best propositions offered in this favourite district for many years, and it is recommended with especial confidence by the Joint Sole Agents

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Particulars may be obtained from Mr. B. M. LOWE, Estate Office, Heathfield, Sussex (Tel.: Heathfield 250); or from Messrs. ST. JOHN SMITH & SON, Estate Offices, Uckfield, Sussex (Tel.: Uckfield 280).

AUGHTON FARM COLLINGBOURNE KINGSTON NEAR MARLBOROUGH.



FOR SALE BY AUCTION (unless previously sold) on November 8th, 1938, mixed DAIRY AND CORN FARM, 331 ACRES. Elizabethan House; 3 reception rooms, 5 bedrooms, bathroom, w.c., and usual offices.

Domestic hot water services. Good water supply. AMPLE FARM BUILDINGS. 5-ROOMED COTTAGE. Particulars of the Seller(s):

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ALBION CHAMBERS, KING STREET,

Telegrams: "Brutons, Gloucester." GLOUCESTER.

Telephone No.: 2267 (2 lines).

GLOS. (Between Cheltenham and Gloucester).—TO BE SOLD, detached attractive MODERN RESIDENCE, planned to give maximum of sunshine, in attractive situation about 4½ miles from Cheltenham. Entrances hall, lounge, dining room, cloakroom (h. and c.), 4 bedrooms, bathroom, kitchen, etc. Capital brick-built garage. Gardens, including tennis lawn and enclosures of pasture land; in all about 2½ ACRES. Electric light; gas; and Company's water. Septic tank drainage. Vacant possession. PRICE £2,000, or £1,800 exclusive of pasture field.—Particulars of BRUTON, KNOWLES & Co., Estate Agents, Gloucester. (W. 311.)

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GLOS. AND MONMOUTH BORDERS.—TO BE SOLD, delightful stone-built gabled RESIDENCE, facing South, commanding lovely views, with terraced gardens, pasture land and plantation; in all about 14 ACRES. 4 reception, 9 bed and dressing, bathroom. Stabling and garage. Gravitation water supply; private electric lighting plant. The property is in the heart of the famous Wye Valley district and is eminently suitable for a guest house. PRICE £2,500.—Particulars of BRUTON, KNOWLES & Co., Estate Agents, Gloucester. (P. II.)

JAMES STYLES & WHITLOCK OXFORD & CHIPPING NORTON

4637-8. Tel.: CHIPPING NORTON 39.

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AN OPPORTUNITY OCCURS to ACQUIRE on a LARGE COUNTRY ESTATE

10 MILES FROM OXFORD

A MODERNISED TUDOR FARMHOUSE RESIDENCE

Dated 1684 A.D.

6 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, 3 reception rooms, cloakroom, excellent offices.

"Aga" cooker, Co.'s electric light and power.

Village water supply and drainage.

Central heating.

Independent hot water supply.

Garage for 2 cars. Stabling by arrangement.

Tennis lawn.

2 ACRES

REASONABLE TERMS FOR LETTING OR SELLING.

The Sole Agents, JAMES STYLES & WHITLOCK,

16, King Edward Street, Oxford, recommend

the property from personal knowledge.



FORTT, HATT & BILLINGS, F.A.I.,

3, BURTON STREET, BATH. Tel.: BATH 4268.

WILTS

5½ miles Chippenham, 8 miles Devizes. Nearly 300ft. up on the outskirts of quaint old market town.

A FASCINATING RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY

forming a complete Estate in miniature of some

34 ACRES

Charming old RESIDENCE of distinctive character and of moderate size.

3 RECEPTION ROOMS, 6 BEDROOMS, 1 DRESSING

ROOM, 3 SERVANTS' BEDROOMS,

2 BATHROOMS (h. and c.).

In parklike grounds approached by long drive with lodge entrance.

FARMERY. STABLING. GARAGES, ETC.

GOLF.

AT MOST MODERATE PRICE

N.B.—The Residence would be sold with grounds only.

Inspected and most confidently recommended by

Owner's Agents: FORTT, HATT & BILLINGS, F.A.I.,

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FOR SALE AND REMOVAL. COTSWOLD BARN

ORIGINAL STONEWORK, BEAMS AND TILING.

Apply, Secretary to Sir MONTAGUE BARLOW,

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LAND AND ESTATE AGENTS

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CHOICE MINIATURE ESTATE. BERKS AND HANTS BORDERS

SMALL BUT REMARKABLY ATTRACTIVE OLD ENGLISH RESIDENCE.



Modernised regardless of cost. Full of old oak. Massive oak staircase, oak floors, beams and doors, brick fireplaces.

4 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms (1 tiled), Cloak room (h. and c.), hall, 2 reception rooms (1 panelled). Electric light.

2 THATCHED COTTAGES. Never-failing water supply.

GARAGE with rooms over, cow-stalls for 6.

THE GARDENS AND GROUNDS

are of quite exceptional merit, beautifully laid out and abundantly planted with a varied species of flowering shrubs.

Coppice of oak, Fir and birch trees with a profusion of wild flowers.



SUNK ROSE GARDEN SURROUNDED BY YEW HEDGE.

Well-kept lawns masses of daffodils and narcissi, grass and woodland tracks, herbaceous beds, kitchen garden.

2 PADDOCKS.

12 ACRES

QUITE A FANCY PLACE.

VERY MODERATE PRICE FREEHOLD

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WYE VALLEY.

RENNED FOR ITS NATURAL BEAUTY



STONE-BUILT RESIDENCE

Delightful position 465ft. up on a well-wooded southern slope. Remote from Air Raids.

HALL, 3 RECEPTION ROOMS, 6 BEDROOMS (FITTED BASINS), BATHROOM.

OAK FLOORS.

Electric light. Modern sanitation.

GARAGE. 2 COTTAGES AND GREENHOUSES, ETC.

UNUSUALLY ATTRACTIVE SUNK GARDENS.

FULL-SIZED TENNIS COURT, KITCHEN GARDEN; ORCHARD: in all about

23 ACRES. MOSTLY WOODLANDS

INTERSECTED BY A STREAM WITH A TROUT POOL.

FOR SALE FREEHOLD £3,150

Low Outgoings. Inspected and recommended by the Owner's Agents
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IN TYPICAL WEALDEN COUNTRY.



A TUDOR FARMHOUSE (restored)

3 reception, 5 bed (basins), 2 bath rooms, modern offices.
Oak floors and beamed ceilings.

Open stone hearths.

Main Services.

Central Heating.

Garage.

Gardens and orchard.

2 ACRES. PRICE FREEHOLD £3,250
Adjoining paddock of 6 Acres £500 extra.

THE HOUSE MIGHT BE LET UNFURNISHED.

Inspected by FAIREBROTHER, ELLIS & CO., as above.

CAMBERLEY

WITHIN A MILE OF GOLF COURSE.



STANDING IN CENTRE OF WELL-WOODED GROUNDS.

3-4 reception, 10 bed, 3 bath rooms.

All main services connected.

Garages for 2-3 cars. Stabling for 4. 2 bungalows.

Spacious lawns, extensive kitchen garden.

6 ACRES. FREEHOLD FOR SALE.

THE HOUSE MIGHT BE LET UNFURNISHED.

Inspected by FAIREBROTHER, ELLIS & CO., as above.

Race Opportunity.

Architect Planned.

ON LIPHOOK GOLF LINKS.

"BIRCHWOOD,"—A delightful Modern Residence; lovely position, 2 reception rooms, 6 bedrooms (with basins), 2 bathrooms. Co's water and electric light; central heating. Garage; Workshop; 3½ ACRES. Carefully planned inexpensive to maintain. Vacant; recommended. Sole Agents : CURRIE & WEST, Haslemere (Tel. 6801), or Hindhead (Tel. : 63).

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Business Established over 100 years.

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LIVE IN PEACE IN THE GARDEN COLONY.—Unique opportunity given to live in sunny healthy climate for reasonable outlay. Botha's Hill, 25 miles from Durban, Natal, South Africa, on Main Durban-Pietermaritzburg Road; tarred and macadamized, 2,500ft. above sea-level with magnificent views of the Valley of a Thousand Hills. Brick bungalow, 5 rooms; asbestos building, 6 rooms. Garage, outbuildings, etc. Land, 1 acre; more available. No rates or taxes. Advertiser, for business reasons had to return to England. Cost over £2,000; sacrifice for £900.—Apply, W. V. R. BALDWIN, "Mont Dore," West Hill, High Salvington, Worthing, Sussex (Tel. : Swandene 610); or SHEPSTONE & WYLIE, Solicitors, City Hall, Durban.

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FOR SALE BY PRIVATE TREATY, the compact ESTATE of GUISACHAN, over 3,000 Acres in extent, the DWELLING-HOUSE and the HOME FARM, with ample accommodation and farm servants' cottages.

The GROUSE MOOR is well stocked and contains some of the finest hill loch trout fishings in the North of Scotland. Apply for full particulars to JOHN MACLENNAN, Estate Office, Strathenan, Muir of Ord, Ross-shire, or to Major DAVID ROSS, Solicitor, High Street, Inverness.

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Telephone: SEVENOAKS 1147-8

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Telephone: OXTED 240

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Telephone: REIGATE 2938



WESTERHAM, KENT

High up, overlooking the beautiful Park of Squerryes.



THIS CHARMING SMALL COUNTRY HOUSE, designed by a well-known Architect, occupying a lovely position on a full South slope; 5 Bed-rooms, 2 Bathrooms, 3 Reception Rooms, Excellent Domestic Offices; Double Garage.

All main services and Central Heating.

GARDEN AND GROUNDS OF ABOUT 2 ACRES, including Tennis Court and Small Orchard.

(More land available if required.)

PRICE 4,000 Gns. FREEHOLD

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AN EXCEPTIONALLY NICE PROPERTY

Glorious views. Near Limpsfield Common.



THIS CHOICE COUNTRY RESIDENCE, with picturesque Tudor-style elevations, partly timbered with stone-mullioned windows, containing 12 bed and dressing rooms, 4 bathrooms, 4 reception rooms, well-arranged domestic offices. Charming Gardens and Grounds of 7 ACRES, with hard tennis court and swimming pool. Garages and Stabling. Central heating. Chauffeur's Flat.

FREEHOLD AT REASONABLE PRICE

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OAKBEAMED FARMHOUSE SUITABLE RESTORATION

Amidst fine open parkland and in the heart of glorious countryside.



SURREY (4½ miles Reigate, 23 miles London).—5 bed bath, 3 reception. Fine oak timberings. Modern services. Buildings. 1 ACRE. Further land available.

FREEHOLD. VACANT POSSESSION

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BENTALL, HORSLEY & BALDRY
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1 HOUR EXPRESS**

FEW MILES BASINGSTOKE.—Distinctive old-fashioned GEORGIAN RESIDENCE, in first-class condition and placed amidst charming walled gardens and miniature parklands; lounge hall, 3 reception, 12 bed and dressing, 3 bathrooms; main electricity and main water, central heating; entrance lodge, excellent garage; fine old lawns divided from the park by ha-ha fence.

ABOUT 30 ACRES.

Very low price will be accepted for immediate SALE.

Especially suited for business man desiring accessibility and express train service to London.

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RENT ONLY £250 PER ANNUM

JUST IN THE MARKET.

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UNIQUE OPPORTUNITY.

EXCEPTIONALLY ATTRACTIVE SMALL ESTATE of nearly 50 ACRES, in charming position away from all traffic. Charming old-fashioned Residence brought thoroughly up to date at very large expense and approached by pretty drive; 3 excellent reception, 10 bedrooms (b. and c. basins), 4 bathrooms; all main services and central heating; excellent garage accommodation; gardener's cottage; beautiful gardens, wood and heatherland; in all

NEARLY 50 ACRES

Unique property in perfect order. Just in market, present occupant having purchased larger estate. Long Lease; favourable terms. Small premium. Highly recommended.

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**A TUDOR GEM
12 MILES EASTBOURNE**

AMIDST LOVELY UNDULATING and quite unspoiled country 500ft. up, panoramic view of the South Downs. A reconstructed and carefully restored TUDOR RESIDENCE, fascinatingly picturesque, retaining all its original period features and combining all modern conveniences; 3 reception, 10 bed and dressing, 3 MODERN BATHROOMS. Electric light, central heating. Excellent garage. Gardener's Cottage. Lovely old gardens, tennis court, orchard, paddocks, nearly 30 ACRES

PRICE ONLY £5,000. OPEN OFFER

BENTALL, HORSLEY & BALDRY, 184, Brompton Road, S.W.3.

SOMERSET

UNIQUE SMALL ESTATE.
20 ACRES. ONLY £3,500.
OR £3,000 WITH 4 ACRES.

FEW MILES TAUNTON (lovely district and good hunting; 250ft. up, south aspect).—Characteristic OLD-WORLD RESIDENCE, in perfect order; main electricity and water, Aga cooker; large hall, 3 reception, 8 bed, bath, excellent offices; good garage and stabling, small farmery; fascinating walled garden, excellent orcharding and rich meadows.

DELIGHTFUL LITTLE PROPERTY.

Details of **BENTALL, HORSLEY & BALDRY**, 184, Brompton Road, S.W.3. (Kens. 0855.)

SMALL COUNTRY HOUSE IN SURREY TO LET

(WITH OPTION TO PURCHASE).

£110 P.A. EXCLUSIVE ON AGREEMENT.

25 miles Waterloo. 8 minutes Station.

"THE COPSE," EAST HORSLEY, SURREY standing on ¾-Acre of pretty garden. Tennis court. Fruit, rockeries, etc.

House comprises: 4 bedrooms, dressing room, lounge, dining room, kitchen, bathroom, 2 w.c.'s, large brick sunroom. Garage. Tool shed.

Electricity, "Ideal" boiler for water heating. "Esse" stove and electric fire.

POSSESSION ABOUT MID-FEBRUARY PREFERRED.

Further particulars from owner, W. ROGERS.

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Established 1832. Telegrams: "Hughstat, Bristol."

Telephone: Bristol 10210.

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Within 1½ miles of the sea.

GENUINE TUDOR RESIDENCE with historical associations, situated in parklike grounds with South aspect. Spacious hall, 4 reception, 9 principal bedrooms, 6 secondary, 3 fitted bathrooms, excellent offices. Co.'s electricity; central heating; unfailing water supply. Range of outbuildings, including stabling and garages. Chauffeur's cottage. Timbered grounds include two tennis courts, walled kitchen garden and three stocked fishponds, the remainder being orcharding, pasture and woodland; in all about 52 ACRES (further land available).

PRICE £6,500 FREEHOLD

Inspected and recommended by the Agents: W. HUGHES & SON, LTD., Bristol.

NEAR TEWKESBURY

CHARMING VIEWS OVER THE SEVERN VALLEY.

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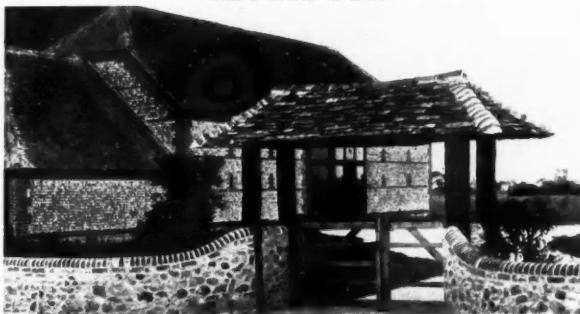
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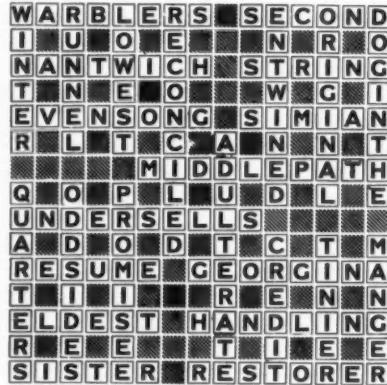
"COUNTRY LIFE" CROSSWORD No. 458

A prize of books to the value of 3 guineas, drawn from those published by COUNTRY LIFE, will be awarded for the first correct solution to this puzzle opened in this office. Solutions should be addressed (in a closed envelope) "Crossword No. 458, COUNTRY LIFE, 20, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.2," and must reach this office not later than the *first post on the morning of Tuesday, November 8th, 1938.*

The winner of Crossword No. 457 is

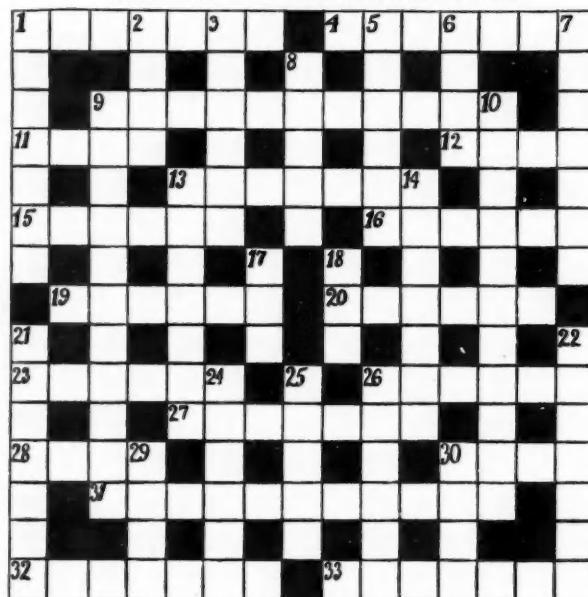
William Nicholson, Esq., 45, Chatsworth Road, Cricklewood.

"COUNTRY LIFE" CROSSWORD No. 458



ACROSS.

1. Where a Belgian pilot should feel at home (7)
4. A concert in progress? Then leave it (7)
9. Communication with them is difficult (three words, 4, 3, 4)
11. Colour for 6, perhaps (4)
12. The effect it produces is confused (4)
13. Announcements when dissected seem to have melted away (7)
15. Avoid (6)
16. Hardly a square meal (6)
19. Ma's hat may produce a complaint (6)
20. Vile reputation (6)
23. The plan demands that he shall take his School Certificate before me (6)
26. It keeps the wheel on the line (6)
27. Sounds as though X should be enough for a model (7)
28. The time when not to bet both ways? (4)
30. Swallow first and then look for the fork (4)



Name

Address

CYCLES IN GAME

IT was at a shooting lunch that the conversation turned to the question of a cycle in English game. Now, the beauty of a shooting lunch is that everyone can talk with authority, nobody with precision, and that "hearsay" is remarkably sound evidence. In fact there is deuced little evidence about it; there is good talk in abundance, reminiscence in quantity, but, on the whole, not such evidence as would satisfy some cold-blooded young attorney, let alone a judge. But if it is not easy to get any evidence, it is terribly easy to get opinion.

In years past I have expressed an opinion in COUNTRY LIFE that good partridge years—and if it is a good partridge year most English game do well (though the conditions will not guarantee any grouse moor)—correspond with sun-spot minima and maxima. The sun-spot cycle is an irregular affair: and how irregular it is can be shown by the Post Office putting 1939 as a peak year for sun-spot maxima, while most astronomical workers, including the astronomical correspondent of *The Times*, think that 1938 was the peak.

Various analyses of old records have been made, and Mr. A. D. Middleton, in 1934, following up the idea of periodic fluctuation in British game, found that little could be really judged from the records. There are two reasons for this. Firstly, game in these islands is largely man-controlled. In a bad year we shoot lightly, striving to leave a good breeding stock; in a bumper year we shoot heavily, as excess game population to available feed and acreage means epizootic disease.

Mr. Middleton's graphs show peaks and valleys, but they do not show any uniformity. Yorkshire might have a bumper year in, say, 1900 and a flop in 1902; Hertfordshire might be a bumper in 1902 and a flop in 1900. No sense at all came out of it—for when one comes to think of it, we have a terribly independent climate, and I, in the south, may be parched with drought for two years while the west has occasional bountiful thunderstorms and Yorkshire relatively normal weather.

The abundant statistics of rainfall give annual figures, but they do not go into our parish politics, and it would take a very exhaustive analysis to find out where and when rain fell, and what local records were when the shooting season comes round.

That is the trouble with endeavouring to trace any game cycle. I still believe that bumper partridge years only occur at the minimum of a sun-spot cycle, which is usually eleven years, but may run a year short or a year or so over. The sun-spot cycle does not, however, begin and finish regularly year by year on December 31st. It is not related to the almanac, and if its peak falls in mid-winter it has one effect, if in midsummer another.

To-day we are beginning to know, by means of its effect on some forms of wireless transmission, a good deal more about it. It is not yet understood, but, on broad lines and in spite of an infernal local climate, we might still choose a seven years lease of a partridge manor with about a three to one chance of one bumper year and two good ones. It might be more convenient if the sun-spot cycle ran a nice seven years, like our tenancies, but actually it averages eleven and a bit, and it proceeds from bad to good fairly sharply. It is not a regular curve, but rises from mean in four and a half years and declines to minimum game value in about six and a half years. According to my graphs—which include a subsidiary cycle of fifteen months—from '39 to '43 represents all I would care to bet on. One of these years will be a bumper. I am afraid that no system would justify me in swearing to the underlying arithmetic. We have now very much more information about the sun-spot cycle, but it is not wholly agreed that it dominates our English weather.

A survey of game records suggests that some periodicities may be hidden, but it is not possible to find any law governing them. Some animals in wild countries show well marked cycles. There are seven-year peaks in rabbit population in Canada; but here in England there is an artificial element in our maintenance of balance. In the case of partridges there is a cycle of some kind. It does not appear to be a regular one, but the old belief that once in seven years we had a bumper season seems to have a good deal behind it.

If we say that in the three years when the sun-spot cycle is at its minimum we shall have one bumper year, that is as near as we can get to assessing probabilities. It certainly cannot be said that the year of sun-spot minimum will be the bumper year. Local conditions may wholly upset this, and a casual thunderstorm or two in the critical weeks of July can wipe out all our hopes. However, when sun-spots are at a minimum, electrical conditions are less disturbed and we may reasonably expect fewer thunderstorms.

It is essentially weather conditions which affect our seasons. The sort of weather a townsman thinks is lovely may not be good for us. Easy and timely rain is as important as sunshine. Conditions of prolonged drought are not good for partridges, as there is a condition of food shortage. A wet summer, on the other hand, is even worse. The best conditions are those which show no extremes, and a year of warm summer, average rainfall and high sunlight radiation factors is almost ideal. The results of a bumper year usually carry over for at least two subsequent years which can be called good and above average.

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PRINCIPAL CONTENTS

	PAGE
THE DEER OF SAVERNAKE, by M. G. S. Best	443
FARMING RESTORED—I : AN INQUIRY INTO THE NEEDS OF AGRICULTURE, by Christopher Turnor	445
A CASUAL COMMENTARY : SOLDIERS' ROMANCE	446
THE HEARST COLLECTION OF FURNITURE, by J. de Serre	447
LONDON ENTERTAINMENT, by George Marsden	449
MARLBOROUGH HOUSE CHAPEL, ST. JAMES'S PALACE, by G. H. Chettle	450
PLANT HUNTING IN IRAN : TWO WOMEN IN A PERSIAN VILLAGE, by Alice Fullerton	454
DORICH HOUSE, KINGSTON VALE : CONTAINING MISS DORA GORDINE'S STUDIO, by M. Barron	456
BOOKS AND AUTHORS : THE FARMER OF TO-DAY AND YESTERDAY—A Review by Adrian Bell ; OTHER REVIEWS	458, xl
GOLF BY BERNARD DARWIN : TILL APRIL'S THERE	459
CORRESPONDENCE	460
Adam Mirrors at Corsham (Lord Methuen) ; "Defacing the Avon" (H. Cecil Vickers) ; Guy Fawkes Day ; Old Scottish Panelling (Geo. R. Cooper) ; Swans in Orkney (H. W. Robinson) ; A Vendetta on Snails (Armine Grace) ; "The Things that Happen" (L. Noel Higgins) ; A Visitor in Argyll (W. S. F. Colville) ; A Ship on the Roof (Paul Paget) ; Service for Housewives ; Siamese Twins (E. V. Laing).	
NEWMARKET HOUGHTON MEETING : THE CURTAIN FALLS AT HEADQUARTERS	462
THE ESTATE MARKET	xxiv
ELECTRICITY IN THE COUNTRY HOUSE : XVII—EMERGENCY LIGHTING SUPPLY, by J. V. Brittain	xxvi
THE AUTOMOBILE WORLD, by the Hon. Maynard Greville	xxviii
THE LAND OF THE PHARAOHS, by A. Mouravieff	xxx
RAMBLER ROSES, by G. C. Taylor	xxxii
WOMAN TO WOMAN, by the Hon. Theodora Benson	xxxiv
THE DECORATIVE IMPORTANCE OF FURNITURE AND PAINTINGS, by Derek Patmore	xxxv
DESIGNS FOR WINTER WEDDINGS : GAY JERSEYS FOR WINTER SUITS, by Catharine Hayter	xxxvi, xxxvii
"Country Life" Crossword No. 458, page xx.	

EDITORIAL NOTICE. — Contributions submitted to the Editor of COUNTRY LIFE should be typewritten and, wherever possible, accompanied by photographs of outstanding merit. Fiction is not required. The Editor does not undertake to return unsuitable material if it is not accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope.

WANTED: AN AGRICULTURAL POLICY

A PLEASANT exchange of banter the other night, when Lord Baldwin was presented by his Worcestershire neighbours with a pair of wrought-iron gates for the entrance to his "drive," gave him an opportunity of comparing notes with the American Ambassador—who was the chief guest of the evening—on the more remarkable products of the English countryside. Mr. Kennedy hails (more immediately) from the "other" Boston, but ultimately from that pleasant Lincolnshire town standing in the low lands where tide and river have met to give us some of our most productive soil. A busy spot was Boston in the days when she exported English grain and wool to the Continent and English Puritans to the New World. Since then trade and industry have moved westwards, and Mr. Kennedy was able to claim for the once completely rural county of his hosts not only one Sauce, two Prime Ministers, five Saints, and twelve Lord Chancellors, but a vast share in the trade of the world and in the manufacturing industry of the country. And if she and her neighbour, Warwickshire, can claim all this, they can claim also that they have by no means neglected their land. The "Severn Province" includes not only Birmingham, Kidderminster, and Coventry, but the hop gardens and fruit and dairy farms of the Worcester plain and the intensive market gardening area of Evesham Vale. It is a province, in fact, where the problems of reconciling the claims and needs of our urban and agricultural populations

are more clearly seen than in some less mixed parts of the country.

Those problems have been with us for a long time, and Mr. Morrison was quite right, when opening a series of broadcast talks on "The Use of the Land" the other day, in insisting that they could only be solved in a spirit of national co-operation and give-and-take. Fortunately, there never was a time when the need for such co-operation—with regard to food supplies, at any rate—was more generally, indeed painfully, obvious. In days like this it must surely be clear that we are all in it together, sink or swim ; and that a deal of goodwill and some self-sacrifice will be needed on the part of the townsman if he is to make that insurance for emergency which consists in so increasing the fertility of this country that it will afford the greatest possible amount of necessary food as soon as possible after the outbreak of any war. By the time these words are in print, the Government will presumably have made clear their general intentions with regard to agricultural policy in the near future. As we said last week, the events of a month ago have greatly strengthened general suspicion that British farming is in no proper state to respond to emergency calls for increased production. Immediately after the Crisis, official—or semi-official—statements were published to the effect that a ban of secrecy might now be raised and the public informed that, under the Minister's guidance, complete plans had been made by a Food Defence Department for the development of home agriculture in time of war—including the maintenance of a full labour force on the land—and that these plans had, in September, been ready for more than a year. The obvious comment on this statement is that the new Food Defence Department seems to boil down in practice to the same old section of the Ministry of Agriculture, and that if, as is stated, all those plans have actually been prepared, it seems remarkable that those whom they will most closely affect and without whose co-operation they cannot be carried into practice, should know so little about them. Before going further, however, let us repeat once more that, in agriculture, there can be no sudden switch-over of the kind that we are accustomed to talk about in industry. The mere fact that crops take longer to grow and animals still longer to breed and come to maturity makes this impossible. Naturally, we want to cut down the period of adjustment and improvisation as much as possible ; but the only way of doing this is to tackle the job in peace-time and build up all our resources in the way of fertility and productivity, so that they are at once available for proper organisation in time of war. When, therefore, we are told that, had war broken out last month, a general plan of war-time organisation was ready and that the Ministry of Agriculture would have been ready to control the industry's requirements in labour, the supply and distribution of fertilisers, feeding-stuffs, machinery, fuel, implements, seeds, and other farm requisites, we need not be unduly impressed. Such a situation implies that a complete survey of the country's resources in land, livestock and labour has been prepared and digested and a number of alternative plans got ready.

From what we may call internal evidence this seems improbable, but there certainly is great need for such a survey, quite apart from considerations of war. Putting war completely aside, the need for raising the standards of nutrition among the people, the necessity for increasing the fertile acreage of the land and the value to the nation of the stock and stamina provided by a flourishing agriculture and a flourishing countryside are all self-evident. In this week's COUNTRY LIFE we publish the first of a series of articles dealing with the present position of agriculture in our national economy. They are all written by experts in their own spheres, under the general editorship of Mr. Christopher Turnor and with the general title "Farming Restored." It is not the intention of these articles to suggest that agriculture should be put on a war footing, or even that it should be artificially developed. In Mr. Turnor's words, "It is a *peace-time* necessity that a nation should have its countryside sound and healthy. Then, if emergency demands, agriculture can quickly expand."

COUNTRY NOTES



VILLAGES AND EVACUATION

THE publication of the Anderson Report has shown how little prepared the nation was for September's emergency, since it was this Report's proposals that had suddenly, for lack of any better, to be put into effect. A largely academic and preliminary survey of the subject had to be extemporised into a working plan. The principle of evacuation is now accepted; but that of billeting, while also acceptable in principle in the last crisis, needs infinitely more working out. The chief shortcomings in organisation that the rehearsal revealed, and that must now be supplied without delay, are two. First, the enumeration of all town-dwellers individually into those who are to remain at their peace-time or emergency posts, and those who must be cleared out. Second, the organisation of a permanent service in the countryside to work out in peace-time a detailed plan for the reception and accommodation of refugees. It was in the latter department that the extemporised arrangements gave the greatest cause for misgiving, and that call for the most careful preparation. The whole new problem of accommodating and maintaining in health an extra population of three million—the figure envisaged in the Report—cannot be left to inept temporary officials. It is surely a cardinal principle of government that so immense a problem should be dealt with by the authorities responsible for local administration, namely, the county councils, who alone have the mechanism, personnel, and detailed knowledge to plan efficiently. Just as county councils have their housing, town planning, health, and other departments in close touch with the various Ministries, so in future there needs to be a department of each council in charge of every aspect of county A.R.P., including the sanitation, feeding, billeting, medical, and educational problems inevitable in villages.

A NEW ERA

SIR JOHN ANDERSON'S inclusion in the Cabinet is to be welcomed, but there is a widespread conviction that the creation of a Ministry for Civil Defence can alone bring order out of the prevailing chaos. While speed is essential to make up for years of inaction in the matter of civil organisation, the foundations must be laid for permanence. Until the world can bind itself irrevocably to forego for ever the bombing of open towns, the very existence of aircraft involves complete organisation for safety as a normal discipline of modern life. Therefore it is inescapable that a single Minister, ranking with those for War, Admiralty, and Air, must be a permanent addition to the Cabinet to represent and co-ordinate the complex needs of national self-defence. Once the subject is removed from the emergency plane, it is recognised to demand the long-term planning of many more commitments than A.R.P. The nation's whole life needs to be directed with the possibilities of air warfare kept in view. Some form of national territorial service seems inevitable unless democracy is to be permanently at a disadvantage *versus* better organised States. In any case, among the larger matters needing consideration are the

location of industries, town planning and housing policy, roads and road transport, education in relation to country schools capable of expansion into refuges, and, not least, agriculture and food supply. Each of these subjects is more or less inter-related and, by a considered long-term policy, can be rendered largely immune from disorganisation in an emergency while no less, if not more, efficient in peacetime. In to-day's issue we make our contribution to the new scheme of things with the first instalment of the series "Farming Restored," discussed more fully in our leading article.

THE PARISH MOOT

A BEAM from the limelight of world politics fell on the first national conference of parish councils, held last week under the auspices of the Council of Social Service. Informal parish councils have been a very real force in local life in the past, and they can play a valuable part again in vitalising the smallest cells in the body politic, if only by preserving the identity of their historic units against the appetites of rural and, more sinister, urban districts. But they can do much more, and the recent conference is to be welcomed as serving to remind parishes of how much they can do for themselves. The billeting scandal provided this initial conference with a rare subject for discussion, and one in which, in the future, active parish councils can be integral cogs in the national mechanism. The Council of Social Service is investigating the matter, and delegates were asked to supply local information to form the basis of a thorough report. Another direction in which parishes can help themselves is by taking advantage of the Physical Training and Recreation Act for the formation of community centres, swimming baths, and playing-fields—amenities the lack of which in most country parishes is a contributory factor in the drift of youth to the towns. Captain L. F. Ellis rightly emphasised the harm which apathy and the fear of getting involved in high expenditure have done and will continue to do to parish life in general, though many of his hearers no doubt wondered whether the present is the time for even the small addition involved to the rates.

NOVEMBER CHILDHOOD

Look, look,—the bonfire!
Run with all your might—
Parkin-cake and fireworks,
Guy Fawkes Night!

Pinwheels are sparkier,
And rockets go higher,
But Bengal Lights
 Make the best green fire.

 In Bengal, India,
Have they lights like these,
Shining through the jungle-grass
 Prowling under trees,
Stealing to the river's edge
 On dark, hot nights?
Tigers' eyes, tigers' eyes,
Bengal Lights!

MARY HOLDEN.

SOLDIER AND AUTHOR TOO

EVERYBODY may not know Major John Hay Beith, but everybody does know Ian Hay, and will warmly approve his appointment as Director of Public Relations at the War Office. This is not the job for a man whose experience has been purely military, but rather for a citizen of a wider world who has an interest in and a sympathy with soldiers. The new Director fills the bill admirably. He served with distinction in the War, being awarded the Military Cross and holding a Regular commission; but he has played many other parts besides. He has been schoolmaster, novelist, dramatist and, not least important, he has lectured in the United States on the British case in wartime; he has a wide knowledge of many sorts of people, and a power of getting on with all of them. In view of the new rank by which we must now address him, he might sing with the Major-General in "The Pirates of Penzance":

I am the very model of a modern Major-General
I've information vegetable, animal and mineral.

Moreover, since, most appropriately, he has just written a book on "The King's Service," he could go on:

I know my Kings of England and I quote the fights historical
From Marathon to Waterloo in order categorical.

In short, it would be hard to think of anyone so well fitted to see the Army equally well from its own point of view and that of the outside public.

COLONISING LIBYA

LAST Saturday the main body of the Duce's army of colonists bound for Libya sailed in eight transports from the port of Genoa. Brass bands and illuminations were only a symbol of the real pride with which the Italian nation sees this great experiment in "demographic colonisation" take shape. The transplantation of peasants to Libya in self-supporting nuclei has been going on tentatively for some years in circumstances which have given Marshal Balbo and his staff of administrators and technicians the experience they desire. They have now worked out exactly how a peasant household can live in Libya, and have come to the conclusion that it is now possible to plant more than 15,000 persons at once and another 20,000 by 1940. For a short time the settler works on the farm provided for him as a salaried employee. Afterwards he and the Board become partners and share the produce. The experience which has been gained in the reclaimed areas of Italy—recently described by Mr. Christopher Turnor—has been of great assistance in working out the scheme to be applied abroad. As in the Campagna, each of the new Libyan settlements will have not only its collection of little farmhouses, but its church, school, post office, store, dispensary, and Fascist headquarters, all waiting round the village square for the villagers to arrive.

PARLIAMENT SQUARE

ONLY a month remains in which to save, or else lose the opportunity, perhaps permanently, of acquiring the promontory on the west side of Parliament Square, to protect which the Middlesex County Council intervened so generously over three years ago. The Victorian building which intrudes in such unsightly fashion into the Square was to be replaced by an enormous block of offices. Plans were far advanced, and it was only after much trouble and at a heavy cost that the Council was able at the last moment to acquire the freehold, with the object of pulling down the existing building and securing an important addition to the green spaces in the heart of Westminster. From the first the Council made it plain that it could not shoulder the whole burden, and, when the site was rejected by the George V Memorial Committee in favour of the Abingdon Street one, the only hope of preserving it was for other bodies to agree to contribute towards the purchase. The London County Council, the Westminster City Council, and the Ministry of Transport have promised their help; two-thirds of the purchase price can be met; and, if only the Government could be persuaded to abandon its attitude of rigid financial orthodoxy and make up the deficiency, all would be well. No doubt, one final attempt will be made to induce it to do so, before the County Council reluctantly decides to accept the private offer that has recently been made for the site. The contention that Parliament Square is an object of national concern may not be technically admissible, but if a free vote is allowed in Parliament, there can be no doubt of the result.

BATS

FROM time to time we receive enquiries from perplexed incumbents as to the best means of clearing the bats out of their belfries—which, needless to say, we always interpret in the plain and simple sense in which we assume the enquiries to have been addressed. That this nuisance is perennial and not easy to deal with is confirmed by a paragraph in the current quarterly report of the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings. The most obvious remedy, that of stopping up all the means of entry, is more easily said than done, and at once introduces a new problem—of ventilation. An alternative is "to import an owl, lodge him somewhere high up and make him comfortable, and then await results." If an owl, the report continues, can be induced to stay within a church for a month or two,

the bat nuisance will automatically disappear. An owl, however, may be difficult to come by, and if it should turn out to be a little one, parishioners may be found writing to *The Times*. There is a third remedy—incense. Bats, it would appear, dislike the odour of sanctity, and one parson has found that "by making a great smoke with incense the bats flew out in great numbers from the roof." But this is a solution that will hardly commend itself to all schools of thought. Mr. Michael Blackmore, an acknowledged authority on bats, recently wrote in our correspondence columns deprecating any such drastic methods as killing by smoke or sulphur, and suggested that by dusting naphthalene or camphor in nooks and crevices a beneficial result can be obtained.

THE ORDNANCE SURVEY

IT has often been alleged that the name of this most important branch of the public service—in addition to being out of date—sounds dull. How anything connected with maps, on the other hand, can sound dull to anybody is a perpetual puzzle to those who have learnt the delights of using them. Continued revision and continual reproduction does seem, of course, as though it must tend to pall in time; but the most recent developments of the Survey, its continued expansion under a beneficial Treasury which has seen the evil of its past ways, and, above all, its ever-growing value to almost every part of the community, should nowadays lend pleasure and zest to the work of a much under-rated department. There is not space here to plunge into the welter of detail disclosed in the Report for 1937-38, just published, but it is worth while to linger over one or two matters. Town and country planning has this year been the cause of the Survey's most feverish activity; but arterial road development, tithe redemption, coal legislation, and air-raid precautions all require accurate and up-to-date knowledge of local topography—only to be obtained from the Survey. The experimental revision by means of air photographs is nearing completion, and the accuracy of the method is now established as sufficient. A pointer of more immediate significance to the citizen who loves his countryside is to be found in a small chart which shows how, between 1928 and 1938, the cash receipts from the sale of small-scale maps has nearly doubled.

ROAD LANTERNS

There in the cold, dark city street,
Where a wet wind blows,
Each lantern glows
Like a scarlet flower that shines afar,
Or a fallen star,
Or rose-red wine in a crystal cup.
Flowers and stars and wine
Are mine—
When the road is up.

ISABEL BUTCHART.

WAGONS AT LINCOLN

A PROJECT is on foot to rescue the remarkable Norman building at Lincoln known as John of Gaunt's house and convert it into a museum of agricultural implements and bygones. At present it is a builder's yard. An excellent lead has been given at York by the conversion of the old Debtors' Prison into a folk museum, but there is room for an exclusively agricultural museum. Attention has been drawn again to the proposal by correspondence in *The Times* over a veteran farm wagon. Lincoln will be doing a great service to country lore if a home can be found there for wagons representing all the local types. Mr. Hennell in his fascinating book "Change on the Farm," has pointed out that it is scarcely an exaggeration to say that there is (or was) a different style of wagon to each county, while there were, of course, various special types—millers, brewers, hermaphrodites, tumbrils, and butts. Moreover, nearly every wainwright had his personal idiosyncrasies. But whether a wagon is of the "hoop-raved" Gloucestershire build, the waisted Kentish kind, or high-prowed and sternd as in Herefordshire, it is a thing of wonderful beauty and craftsmanship with its almost entire timber construction, traditional carved decoration, and blue or orange paint picked out, often, in red and white.

THE DEER OF SAVERNAKE

By M. G. S. BEST

The taking over by the Forestry Commission of part of Savernake Forest, recently announced, will obviously necessitate the exclusion of the deer from the new plantations, though they will still be free to roam over the large areas unaffected by planting.



"WITH THE RED DEER HINDS WERE SMALL GROUPS OF FALLOW DEER"

SAVERNAKE FOREST was a happy hunting ground for Norman kings from the earliest days of their invasion of England. So we may fairly suppose that, as a hunting area, it had been in existence for ages before the Normans took possession. They organised the control of it, and protected the deer and wild beasts therein for the King's pleasure.

As an ancient forest it has remained ever since, with all its charm and inconsequence. In places the trees have grown just where it suited them, leaving here and there wide grassy lawns and valleys, with often a pool of water at the foot of the slope.

It is in this part of the Forest that the deer live, both red and fallow. Very difficult it is to see them in the shadows of the trees, and quite impossible to get near enough to them with a camera to take photographs. So we welcomed the keeper's invitation to go out with him one morning to feed the deer, when, he assured us, we should then see plenty of them.

It was one of those perfect spring days that sometimes come in the middle of March to cheer us after the long grey days of winter, and encourage us with a foretaste of the summer to come; a clear blue sky with big white clouds sailing across it, just enough wind to keep them moving and disperse the fog that had been thick enough in the early morning.

At ten o'clock we met the keeper at his lodge, where the little cart was loaded up with hay from the stack within the yard. From the roadway outside one looked over a wide expanse of parkland, with large clumps of trees scattered over it, the thick

mass of the Forest away on the hill to the left, and the wide beech avenue framing the ridge across the valley.

Not a deer in sight! The only living thing to be seen was one sandy-coloured rabbit sitting outside its burrow. Overhead, rooks were passing, alighting farther on to search for moss and such-like material wherewith to line their nests.

The cart with its load of hay started away down the hill, one man leading the horse, the other walking behind, occasionally throwing out an armful of sweet-smelling hay, and calling all the time to the deer.

A wonderful call it was, a very clear, resonant note with marvellous carrying powers. The call, we were told, could be heard in the villages outside the Forest lying some miles away: which village happened to hear it depended upon the direction of the wind.

Intently watching the distance through our field-glasses, we could see, after a while, small groups of deer emerging from the trees and walking quickly down the opposite slope towards the cart. Sometimes one could only see the tops of their heads as the deer came up a small dip in the ground, the long ears of the red deer hinds, or the tips of the antlers of the fallow bucks.

Only the red deer hinds were coming now, one two year old stag with them, showing very small antlers. The stags were away "in the Forest," picking up enough for their needs among the trees. In really hard weather they come down



HERE THEY COME!

Nov. 5th, 1938.



"THEY CAME AS NEAR TO US AFTER THEIR HAY AS ONE COULD HAVE WISHED"



THE KEEPER FEEDING THE DEER



THE HAY CART ON ITS ROUNDS

with the hinds to feed at the cart, and then they do not wait for the hay to be thrown to them, but come and pull it out for themselves.

Even as early in the year as mid-March, the deer were not nearly so keen on their hay as they were a short while before, preferring to nibble the very tiny shoots of young grass just showing through the coarse grey tufts of last year's growth. Soon, the keeper said, they would not come at all, and the deep shades of the Forest would hide them. The stags would be losing their antlers before long, and during that time they would "keep themselves to themselves, as they say!" And the hinds, busy with family affairs, like to hide as far from possible disturbance as they can.

With the red deer hinds were small groups of fallow deer, their backs almost black in colour at this time of year—so very different from the lovely spotted coats of summer. Several bucks with good heads were with them; but the fallow deer were shy, and kept at a respectful distance from the cart, feeding on the outskirts of the herd. Later they moved away by themselves, lying out in the sunshine on the slope of the hill.

When the deer had had the last armful of hay, we moved quietly away towards the keeper's lodge. Without the cover of the cart it would have been impossible to get near enough to take any photographs of them. But they were so used to it and the men, and especially to their cheery call, that, though suspicious when they caught sight of a stranger, they came as near to us after their hay as one could have wished.

After the morning's work was finished, we motored about the roads in the Forest, looking for such deer as we could find. The fallow were most in evidence, always feeding, and always in small groups. A car is an excellent means of seeing the deer, for they are used to them passing up and down, and take no notice so long as they keep moving. Our chief "exhibit" was a red deer stag and a hind, lying close to the road beneath a tree, half hidden among the dead fern. A beautiful stag he was, carrying a splendid head, his winter's coat very rough and somewhat rusty in colour. They took no apparent notice of us so long as we remained in the car, though well I knew they would allow of no approach with a camera! So there we had to leave them.

The largest herd of fallow deer we saw were feeding on some pasture-land below a cluster of cottages. They were evidently petted by the owners of the gardens. One small group, braver than the rest, lingered near the garden fence. Soon a blue-clad woman came out to empty a pail of vegetable scraps over the gate for them, which they seemed most thoroughly to enjoy.

And this was our last sight of the deer. Our road dropped down the hill, out of the Forest, and on to the wide spaces of the open downland beyond.

FARMING RESTORED—I. AN INQUIRY INTO THE NEEDS OF AGRICULTURE

By CHRISTOPHER TURNOR

This article introduces a series that we have arranged to publish in consecutive weeks reviewing the long term needs of the agricultural industry, as distinct from measures for the immediate increase of food production in an emergency. The contributors comprise, among others, Sir John Orr, Sir E. John Russell, and Lord Addison. The subjects to be discussed include the Standards of Nutrition, the Planning of Agriculture, Increases in Beef and Mutton and Pig Products, the Consumers' point of view, the Labour Party's proposals, those of the National Farmers' Union, and Food Production in Time of War. Mr. Turnor will sum up in conclusion.



Photo: Vitullo—Rome

A LESSON FROM ITALY. THE PONTINE MARSHES, SCENE OF THE MOST SUCCESSFUL WHOLESALE AGRICULTURAL RECLAMATION SCHEME IN MODERN TIMES

THE object of the series is to indicate the part which agriculture ought to play in national life, producing food and producing men. Though the lesson of the Great War may have been forgotten, the events of the past few weeks may incline politicians to think of agriculture as one of the main lines of defence. However, it is not the intention of these articles to suggest that agriculture should be put upon a war footing, or even that it should be artificially developed. On the contrary, it is a *peace-time* necessity that a nation should have its countryside sound and healthy. Then, if emergency demands, agriculture can quickly expand.

No one at the present time can deny that agriculture is in poor shape, unready for war, and not playing its proper part in the life of the nation at peace. The industry, like so much of the land, is not "in good heart." The well meaning policy of the Government has resulted in limiting production, reducing acreage, decreasing the rural population.

Organisation under the Marketing Act has been good in theory. But the test of a successful marketing scheme must surely be: Does it secure a remunerative price to the producer, without raising the price to the consumer? The marketing schemes have upset the balance in agriculture, limited production, and increased the spread between the wholesale and retail prices.

One may point out, without making any deductions, that the nation's food costs £500,000,000 at wholesale prices; £1,182,000,000 at retail prices. Further, that 16,000,000 people in this country do not achieve the dietary standard prescribed by the British Medical Association.* Something, fairly obviously, is wrong. What, and how can it be remedied, this series of articles will attempt to show.

"LANDSCAPE WITH RUINS."

Apart from the marketing schemes, the Government's principal measure to help agriculture—the subsidy—has admittedly eased the farmer's cash position. But subsidies have been like injections of adrenalin, keeping an expiring patient alive. The vital factor is that, during the last ten years, farmers' capital has gone down by 21 per cent., landowners' capital by 23 per cent.

The disagreeable fact that must be faced is this: capital must be restored to agriculture, and on a very large scale. The Government will have to bear at any rate part of the cost, and the rest they will have to lend, and lend on favourable terms. In the past they have allowed the countryside to be bled white—landowners by taxation, farmers by unremunerative prices—now they must make the losses good, if agriculture is to survive. But in order that Government money may not be wasted, history must not be allowed to repeat itself: a fair, remunerative price must be the basis of any new policy, not merely for the benefit of the farmer, but that the Government may be making a sound investment in the land.

But, quite apart from the financial aspect of reduced agricultural capital, the essential capital of the land, its fertility, is down. The humus in the soil has decreased and is decreasing. It must be built up. The Government's subsidy on lime and basic slag is good, but it is tackling the problem half way up, instead of at the roots. To begin with, there must be drainage, or any kind of manure, farmyard or artificial, is wasted. To increase humus, heavy dressings of farmyard manure must be applied, or green crops ploughed in, or both. Where there is already sufficient humus, lime and basic slag may be applied—but why should not the subsidy extend to phosphates?

HOW MUCH?

How much land do we want to reclaim and improve? There is no point in reclaiming more than we need. How much do we need? How much do we want to grow?

There are those who believe that agricultural production can be considerably expanded to the advantage of the whole community; but for the benefit of the old believers in Free Trade, "cheap food," and other such political bogies and catch-phrases, as well as for farmers themselves, there ought to be an official Government enquiry into "how much?"

The enquiry should cover, among others, the following points:

By how much should our food bill be increased to bring the national standard of nutrition up to the level advocated by Sir John Orr and others?

What proportion of this increase could be met by home production?

In what commodities could we be self-supporting? Milk, breadstuffs (by using potatoes), meat?

In commodities in which we can never be self-supporting (e.g., milk products), to what extent should we increase production?

Would this increased production be to the nation's advantage? What would be the repercussions?

(A) on industry?

(B) on agriculture itself?

(C) on foreign trade?

(D) on trade with the Dominions and Colonies?

(E) on shipping?

(F) on finance (with regard to slumps)?

(G) on defence?

If the enquiry showed that increase was desirable, there would have to be a survey of the land to decide what area should be allocated to each branch of agriculture to be increased.

In order to ensure that increased home production of food did not raise the price to the consumer, there should be an examination of the present methods of distribution. (In the case of milk, for example, our distribution charge is 100 per cent. higher than in Sweden, 50 per cent. higher than in Germany.) At the same time, the enquiry should take note

* *The People's Food*, by Sir William Crawford.

of the effect that rationalisation would have on the distributors themselves.

In the series of articles that follows, various experts will deal with the subject from their particular points of view. Even if they do not reach a common conclusion, they will answer some of the above questions. At present, it is impossible to reach a common conclusion and be certain it is right. As Mr. J. M. Keynes, writing in *The Times* of September 13th, pointed out :

The problem of handling our social problems is made immeasurably more difficult by the inexcusable attitude of the authorities towards the collection of fuller information. How can economists be expected to produce a clear and unanimous diagnosis when the facts they have to go upon are so obscure and imperfectly known?

As Sir John Orr says in *The Sunday Times* of October 9th :
We urgently need more facts and more study of the whole food position.

A CASUAL COMMENTARY

SOLDIERS' ROMANCE

I HEARD the other day of some extremely advanced parents who were much concerned lest their children should acquire "militarist" tastes. They would not let them have tin soldiers, but gave them instead a nice tin civilian train. They also found for them an unexceptionable play-fellow in a small Russian boy who must obviously have imbibed the best principles. So there was a dreadful scene when the little Russian was discovered to have taught them a lovely new game of bombing the train.

This seems to me one of the most pleasantly ironical little jokes on the part of Providence that I ever heard of; and as to tin soldiers inculcating militarism, I do not believe a word of such solemn nonsense. I adored tin soldiers in childhood, and can still remember, almost with tears of joy, a whole French review, and a fort, and a company of Turkish infantry of which the officer had a gold tassel to his fez. I also remember with the bitterest envy some white German cuirassiers that belonged to another small boy. They may have made me want for a moment to kill that boy, but they certainly did not make me want to be a soldier. On the contrary, I was ashamed to find, the other day, a parentally treasured record of one of my early speeches, to the effect that I should like to be a king, "because he does not go into battle." When I was temporarily in the Army, I fully realised that I had neither the taste nor the aptitude for it; but I should still like to play with my tin soldiers, if they had not, alas! all been lost. In short, there is a purely romantic feeling for soldiers, tin or otherwise, for their uniforms and their glories, and the enchanting little bits of history and tradition which belong to them: and it has nothing in the world to do with any bloodthirsty desire to plunge into the fray. Quite the contrary.

It is in this essentially peaceful frame of mind and with great delight that I have just been reading a new book* on the British Army, by my friend Ian Hay. I hope I may still respectfully so term him, but I have read of his new splendours, and by the time these words appear in print he may, for aught I know, have become Field-Marshal Sir John Beith; in which case—

I wonder, should I dare to nod?

His book is the story of the Army, told rather from the common soldier's point of view, from Cromwell's time to the present. It not only contains much history, told with brevity and spirit, but tackles the problem of the soldier to-day, his food and his pay, his daily round of work, his future, and, as if in anticipation, his relations with the public. There is, however, one part of it which must make much the stronger appeal to the merely romantic, and I think it fair to cull it as one does the almond paste, from the top, leaving the comparatively solid wedding cake to others. This deals first with the dearly cherished customs and singularities that belong to the different infantry regiments of the line, and then with some outstandingly glorious episode in the history of each of them. Every regiment has been asked to choose its own episode, and the result is as interesting as it is occasionally surprising. The reader feels, if the comparison be not flippant, as if he were talking to a mighty player of games, who is looking back on his life. It is not some obvious century in a Test Match that the hero recalls with pride, but a small and long-forgotten innings for his school or his county, when the wicket and the light were appalling, the bowling lethal, and every run was worth twenty.

I suppose that everybody knows about the badge that the Gloucestershire Regiment wear at the backs of their caps as well as the front, and I certainly do, because I was the D.A.D.O.S. of a division in which there was a battalion of that illustrious regiment. They were going to be inspected by some eminent and presumably irascible personage; there was a temporary shortage of badges, and my head would be on a charger if they did not turn up in time. I did not know, however, where they gained the honour—namely, at the Battle of Alexandria—nor that they repeated their feat of fighting back to back in the

Great War, and have had the sphinxes on their caps "slightly increased" in size as a reward. Almost equally fascinating do I find the fact that the orderly officer of the East Yorkshire Regiment is supposed to wear his sword in the mess, though in fact he asks leave to take it off and hang it up. I asked a friend of mine of that regiment why this was, and he scratched his head and could not remember. It dates back, apparently, to service in Scotland in 1690, when the ill-mannered Highlanders might be expected to interrupt dinner. The officers of this same regiment have a thread of black in their gold lace when in full dress, in mourning for Wolfe; while the drummers of the Norfolks have black facings because they laid the body of Sir John Moore in his grave at Corunna. The red hackle of the Black Watch is very familiar; it was gained at Geldermalses in Flanders, and it pleases me to know (I suppose Ian Hay knows it too) that it was actually given on my beloved heath at Royston, on much the same spot where the Black Diamond fought the Young Rump Steak. Less familiar—to me, at any rate—is the origin of the piece of red cloth behind the cap badge of the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry. At the battle of Brandywine, the light companies of several regiments, of which the Forty-sixth was one, surprised and nearly destroyed an American detachment. Then, hearing that the Americans had vowed vengeance on them, they sent them a message that they would stain their white feathers red, lest the vengeance be misdirected. Finally, to choose just one more of these entrancing bits of history, there are six regiments who are the Minden Boys and wear roses in their caps on August 1st. This is because, on that day in 1759, at the Battle of Minden, they broke through three lines of French cavalry and "tumbled them into ruin," and on their way into action they had passed through a garden full of roses, which they stuck in their caps.

It is not only victorious battles that provide the most treasured memories. The Border Regiment is proudest of a wreath awarded for its conduct in the glorious defeat of Fontenoy; and the American War of Independence figures several times. For instance, the Leicestershire Regiment (the Seventeenth) is rightly prepared to stand by the Battle of Princeton, where, single-handed and outnumbered by twenty to one, they very nearly defeated the entire American Army, which was only rallied at the last moment by Washington himself. The Battle of Brandywine, before mentioned, gave its name of "The Snappers" to the East Yorkshire Regiment, who were then the Fifteenth Foot. They almost ran out of ammunition. "Then snap and be damned," remarked the commanding officer. Such ball as was available was handed to the best shots, and the rest snapped with small blank charges of powder, and held the enemy till reinforcements came. The name of the colonel who gave that immortal order I do not know, but we are told the name of another colonel, who rose to equal heights of a fine insolent eloquence. This is the story in the book that I think I like best of all, and it belongs to the West Yorkshire Regiment. They were faced, near Valenciennes in 1793, by troops intoxicated with the triumphant spirit of the Revolution and inspired by the strains of the revolutionary anthem, "Ca Ira." The British line wavered, but Colonel Welbore Ellis shouted: "Let's break the scoundrels to their own damned tune! Drummers, strike up 'Ca Ira'"—and Valenciennes fell.

Finally, the original Private Thomas Atkins was the right-hand man of the Grenadier company and the best man-at-arms in what is now the Duke of Wellington's Regiment. In 1794 Major Arthur Wesley commanded the regiment in the Netherlands, and after a fierce fight he found this giant of a man dying on the field, and spoke a last word to him. When the Duke of Wellington was seventy-five he was asked to give a name typical of the common soldier for a model document as to soldiers' pay. He remembered, and said: "Private Thomas Atkins."

B. D.

* *The King's Service*, by Ian Hay. (Methuen, 7s. 6d.)

THE HEARST COLLECTION OF FURNITURE

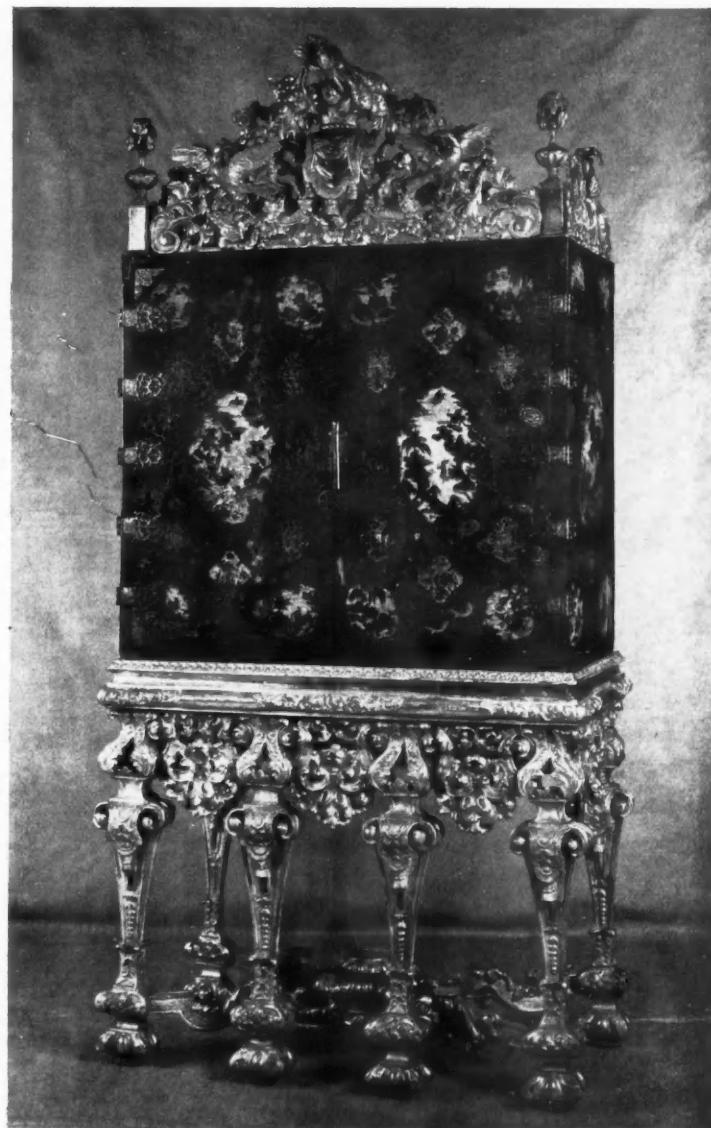


1.—WALNUT TABLE MADE FOR THOMAS SHAA c. 1600, FORMERLY AT HINTON ABBEY

MR. WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST had gathered together in the grand manner a large collection both in England and in the United States. Some of this furniture and silver has already been sold to furnish the restored Governor's House at Williamsburg, the old colonial capital of Virginia (illustrated in COUNTRY LIFE, November 17th, 1934); and much of the furniture from his much enlarged and altered Welsh castle, St. Donat's (which is also to be dispersed) has, for convenience of inspection, been brought to London, where it is shown at Messrs. Mallett's galleries.

Among Tudor furniture is a walnut table (Fig. 1) which was formerly at Hinton Abbey. The treatment is unusually elaborate. The frieze is carved with scrollwork finishing in mask terminals, and the corner legs are formed as lions sejant, each supporting a shield. One is carved with the arms of Thomas Shaa of Terling Hall in Essex (argent, a chevron between three fusils erminés with a bordure), and of his wife, Mary Hungerford; another bears the Hungerford crest, a garb between two sickles. Mr. Hearst had a liking for what John Evelyn calls the "solid and noble moveables" of the late seventeenth century; and examples of this period, vividly japanned or marquetry cabinets, are grouped with soberer traditional oak. There is an unusual cabinet veneered with walnut and enriched with marquetry reserves. The English *marqueteur* usually limited himself to floral devices and arabesques, but in this cabinet the reserves are enriched with bust portraits of Roman emperors, or with panels of *putti*. The upper stage of the cabinet, which is enclosed by a falling front, contains drawers, pigeon-holes, and a central cupboard. Included in the collection is a series of cabinets in scarlet, tortoiseshell, or black japan, which preserve in some cases their stands and crestings of carved and silvered wood. One of these fine cabinets, in vivid scarlet japan (Fig. 2) rests upon a stand with baluster-shaped supports carved with the lambrequin characteristic of the informed French taste of William III's reign. The cabinet is japanned scarlet and decorated with leaf-shaped reserves painted with Chinese motifs in blue on a white ground. The interior, fitted with ten drawers, is decorated in a similar manner. The tall cresting centres on a basket of fruit, and at each corner are vases of flowers. There are also some good specimens of Court cupboards, and two cupboards inlaid with engraved bone and ivory. A frame for a picture, carved with a tangle of fruit and flowers in the manner of Grinling Gibbons, is interesting from its Royal provenance. It bears the cypher of William III surmounted by a crown held up by *putti*, and at the base is a sword and sceptre.

Among textiles in this collection is an interesting Elizabethan canopy from the Kimberley collection. "There is still," wrote Blomfield, "in this family a



2.—CABINET OF SCARLET LACQUER WITH BLUE AND WHITE DECORATION, SILVERED CRESTING AND STAND, FROM ST. DONAT'S CASTLE



3.—WALNUT SETTEE UPHOLSTERED IN ENGLISH TAPESTRY WITH YELLOW GROUND



4.—KNEE-HOLE WRITING TABLE, MID-EIGHTEENTH CENTURY



5.—FLEMISH EARLY SIXTEENTH CENTURY TAPESTRY: THE LIFE OF DAVID

noble throne which was erected for her Majesty in the Grand hall there. It is of crimson velvet, richly embroidered with gold, having on it the arms of Wodehouse and his quarterings, all in curious work ; on the top are the same arms impaling Corbett." The suspended domed canopy is enriched with applied work in gold and silver tissue, and bordered by a tabbed pelmet, embroidered and hung with silk tassels. On the ceiling is embroidered in high relief the arms of Wodehouse impaling Corbett, and the canopy is prolonged at the back and worked with the achievement of the Wodehouse family. The hanging was made for Sir Roger Wodehouse, who married Mary, daughter of John Corbett of Sprowston, and was knighted in 1578 on the occasion of Queen Elizabeth's visit to Norfolk.

THE RUFFORD ABBEY COLLECTION

The sale of the more important pieces of furniture and tapestry from Rufford Abbey, for centuries the seat of the Savile family, will open Messrs. Christie's autumn season. Of the group of English furniture, the most important is the walnut settee, upholstered and covered in early eighteenth century English tapestry woven with a design of flowers in wreaths and bouquets upon a yellow ground (Fig. 3). A knee-hole writing-desk (Fig. 4), dating from the middle years of the eighteenth century, is fitted with eight drawers in the side pedestals, and supported on six short scrolled feet. The canted angles are carved in high relief with acanthus foliage, and the surround to the knee-hole recess is framed in fluted columns. There are several good specimens of French eighteenth century furniture, including pieces bearing the stamp of Jean Charles Saunier, Migeon, and Christophe Wolff. The commode by Saunier (who attained the *maitrise* in 1743 and died in 1765) is fitted with three long drawers and is mounted with panels of Japanese lacquer on a black ground. The set of giltwood furniture covered with Beauvais tapestry of the Louis XVI period, woven with baskets and vases of flowers on a buff ground, is also important. In the section of tapestries there are some fine Gothic panels dating from the early sixteenth century. One Flemish panel (Fig. 5), is woven with two scenes from the Life of David, who is represented on the left-hand side as a young man receiving a sword from Michal, daughter of Saul ; and in the second scene as an old, bearded king. The two scenes are divided by an enriched column in the centre, and are framed in a border of scrolling stems. There is also a panel, woven probably at Brussels or Tournai, representing the Triumph of the Fates over Chastity. A duplicate of this panel is in the French State collection. The theme is allied to that of the various "triumphs" of Petrarch, such as Fame over Death, Time over Fame. A second panel in this collection, also probably woven at Tournai or Brussels, is woven with the Triumph of Chastity over Love.

There are also five important panels of Flemish tapestry woven with the history of Constantine, dating from the late sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries ; and specimens of Paris (pre-Gobelins) tapestry, two of them woven in the seventeenth century *ateliers* of Comans and de la Planche. A pair of Paris panels woven with scenes designed by Simon Vouet, from the series of Apollo and Daphne, is enclosed in borders woven with running vine foliage and female masks in the centres and at the angles. Also among the textile group is a large English hand-tufted carpet, dating from the early years of the nineteenth century, and woven in the Savonnerie style. J. DE SERRE.

The pieces illustrated on this page, from Rufford Abbey, are to be sold by Messrs. Christie on November 17th.

LONDON ENTERTAINMENT

THE THEATRE

A PARTY FOR CHRISTMAS.—*Theatre*: Haymarket. *Author*: N. C. Hunter. *Cast*: Sydney Fairbrother, Milton Rosmer, and others.—The Firbanks family is as tiresome a group of people as you could find in any respectable suburb. Their weary determination to do all the right and nice Christmassy things epitomises many less pleasing aspects of the family Christmas. Fortunately for the playgoer, this determination results in their inviting Uncle Fred, back in England after fourteen years in New Zealand, to spend Christmas with them. For him alone, and almost for him only, this light-hearted comedy of nobodies doing nothing is worth seeing. The author has spent his energy and affection on the part, and Milton Rosmer brings it magnificently to life. One feels that the rest of the party do not recognise his true worth. But what would their Christmas party have been without him? He may keep on telling the same story, but at any rate it is a good story (compare Mr. Firbanks' story, which is so obviously told to impress on his family his great courage and true British quality of doing nothing in an emergency), and it shows a desire to enter into the spirit of Christmas instead of retiring, like the rest of the family (Mrs. Firbanks excepted, and she is too busy arranging meals), into himself. He is enjoying himself, and not afraid to say so and to show it. After the pompous selfishness of Mr. Firbanks and the desperately solemn soul-questioning of the four young people as they worry themselves in and out of love for no reason at all, Uncle Fred's full-voiced laughter and solid common sense is the very breath of life. He has lived and enjoyed it. With all its incoherence and repetition, his speech of thanks at the Christmas Eve dinner is the one real and social event of the party. It comes as the climax to a steadily rising wave of inebriation, provoked as much by sheer enjoyment as by liquor. Milton Rosmer gives a superb performance in this scene, better, both in its writing and playing, than anything of its kind that we have seen. Claiming scientific licence to excuse his forthrightness to his wife, who is troubled by his beliefs, he gives a brilliant résumé of evolutionary theories in half a dozen sentences. It is a most apt lecture, which should help the young people to get as much out of life as he has, and with brilliant ingenuity he quotes, not Scripture, but Wordsworth, to his purpose.

If Mr. Hunter had conceived and created the rest of his characters on the non-realistic scale of theatre, instead of being content to observe and report "real life," he might have written a play which had some shape and which would have given the rest of the cast a chance of creating full, rounded people in whom we could be interested. You cannot be much entertained by people about whom you know everything five minutes after you have met them, and it becomes embarrassing merely to watch them behaving as you have anticipated they will behave, however "true to life" this may be. Uncle Fred, unlike the rest of the party, is capable of doing and saying anything. His wife gives similar promise at her first appearance, when she breaks out into Maori songs, but she is never given opportunity for further fulfilment; Sydney Fairbrother, by her beautiful feeling for comedy, keeps our hopes alive right to the end, and it is no fault of hers that she does not make a full contribution to the Christmas party. The rest of the cast do what they can with what they have been given, and might have done more with more careful and detailed production.

Other Plays

Dear Octopus (Queen's).—A comedy by Dodie Smith about family affairs; the recipe is simple and not very exciting, but the treatment is good; how could it be otherwise with a cast which includes Marie Tempest, John Gielgud, and Angela Baddeley?

These Foolish Things (Palladium).—The Crazy Gang are at their craziest, and the performance includes a most exciting demonstration of that much under-rated sport, badminton.

Running Riot (Gaiety).—Although almost entirely without a plot, this piece triumphs because of the inspired fooling of Leslie Henson, Fred Emney, and Richard Hearne.

THE CINEMA

MARIE ANTOINETTE (Empire).—This film has been long under consideration before ever the cameras began turning. It is reported that Irving Thalberg, Norma Shearer's husband and one of Metro-Goldwyn's most successful producers, had worked out a large part of its scenario before his death. Since then it has come under the more florid hand of Hunt Stromberg, assisted by director Van Dyke and, doubtless, by a number of historical experts.

The result of their labours could not for a moment be branded dull or insignificant. The mere lavishness of the film's spectacular scenes, its ornate gilded salons—filled with splendidly costumed courtiers, its jewellery and uniforms and massive architecture, its fearsome and perfectly controlled crowds of apparently uncontrollable proletarians, must

fill the onlooker with wonder and bewilderment and carry him away in a dream of riches. And it is the more extraordinary that individual performances should be able to force their way through this curtain of magnificence. Miss Shearer, it is true, is overwhelmed in her brave attempt to bring Marie Antoinette to life. She is accustomed to pitch her acting in a low key; her peculiar charm depends upon a quiet and unhurried development of the story. Here she is well nigh swept off her feet, and, struggle as she may, her Marie is seldom more than a lovely wax doll interpreting with skill but without originality the expressions and gestures convention associates with majesty, levity, squalor, and approaching death. But Joseph Schildkraut commands the liveliest admiration with his slimy portrait of the Duc d'Orléans; while Robert Morley's well-wishing, slow-witted Louis XVI is a remarkable and, in the scene in which he takes farewell of his family, even a memorable piece of acting.

But perhaps the most curious thing about this film is that, while bearing a title directly linked with an amply documented period, and presenting persons whose lives and actions are the commonplaces of history books, its plot should be based in great

part upon rumour. "We reached the belief," write the scenarists of the film in discussing this question, "that if we could retain the feeling and spirit of those times and people we could achieve reality, though we occasionally circumvented historical accuracy." "After reading the script of Stefan Zweig's biography, and the research material," adds the director, "I knew all that it was essential for me to know about the historical background. History itself was for my purpose relatively unimportant. It was people that interested me." That may be so: but to hinge the story of one of the most storm-tossed figures in history around an unconfirmed and in any case unimportant love affair (with the Swedish Count Axel de Fersen), and to spend a princely sum in so doing, is, perhaps, to carry distortion farther than necessary. Small wonder that the producers have issued a statement admitting "that they expect certain criticisms from the more ruthless purists of a few scenes in 'Marie Antoinette' which depart from historical exactitude."

Other Films

St. Martin's Lane (Carlton).—Charles Laughton continues to add to his reputation as one of the best actors on the screen. His performance in this film as a London pit-queue entertainer, thwarted in love and resigned to his fate, is hampered by a somewhat mediocre story. But the film merits a visit if only for the sake of its skilful presentation of the atmosphere of back-street London.

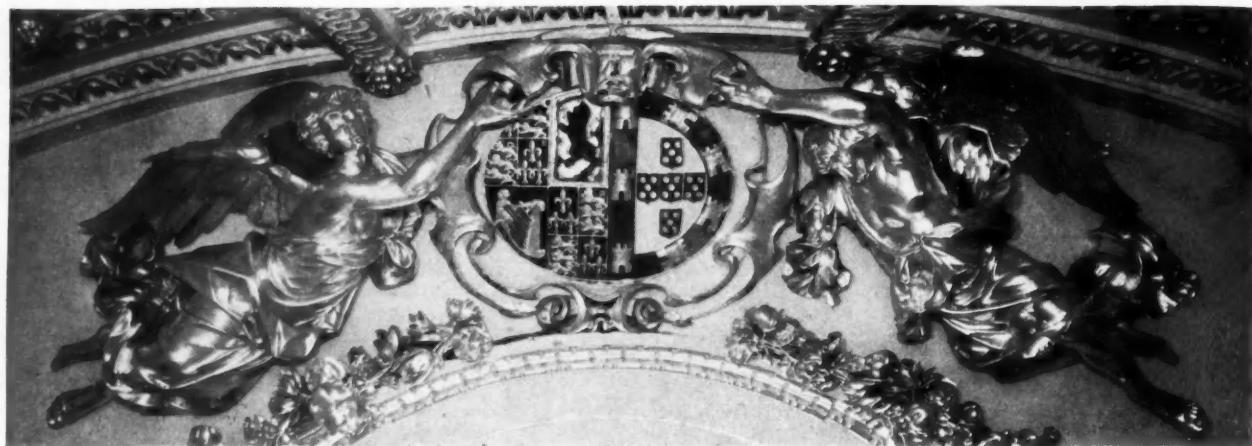
If I Were King (Plaza).—In this life of the hard-bitten yet perpetually cheerful poet Villon there is a merciful lack of the overacting that often accompanies film biographies taken from medieval history. With Ronald Colman and Ellen Drew.

Sixty Glorious Years (Odeon).—One of the most ambitious British films to date, it succeeds in striking a fairly happy balance between the public and private life of Queen Victoria. Anna Neagle and Anton Walbrook give a dignified portrait of the Queen and the Prince Consort, but the acting honours must go to Felix Aylmer's terse and acrid picture of Palmerston. Strongly recommended.

GEORGE MARSDEN.



NORMA SHEARER IN "MARIE ANTOINETTE" AT THE EMPIRE

ARMS OF QUEEN CATHERINE OF BRAGANZA OVER THE EAST WINDOW, *temp. CHARLES II*

MARLBOROUGH HOUSE CHAPEL ST. JAMES'S PALACE

The Chapel, re-opened on Sunday in the presence of Queen Mary, is one of the few surviving buildings designed by Inigo Jones (1623).

TADITION, and family pride, have credited that great architect Inigo Jones with many works of which he was not the author. In the case of "the Queen's Chapel" the majority of those who have written on his architectural achievements either pass over the building with a mere

record of its erection, or assert that it was destroyed during the Commonwealth and a new chapel built after the Restoration. It has been left to His Majesty's Office of Works to uncover much of the original decoration of the building and to prove beyond a doubt the authorship of its design.

The Chapel stands on the east side of Marlborough Road, and seems to encroach on the gardens of Marlborough House; but little more than a century ago it was an integral part of St. James's Palace, connected with the private Royal apartments and the staterooms on the first floor. In 1809 the whole south-east part of the palace was destroyed by a fire which left the Chapel intact but isolated, and now the gardens of Marlborough House have been extended and the roadway laid out over ground that was once covered with courts and buildings.

The Chapel was begun in 1623 on the "Pheasantry," when St. James's House and Denmark House were being hurriedly repaired and refurnished for the Spanish princess whose marriage to Prince Charles was to take place as soon as the terms of the marriage treaty were settled. At each palace a chapel was to be built for the Infanta's use, "which Inigo Jones is to prepare with great costliness," and on May 16th the first stone of the Chapel at St. James's was laid by the Spanish Ambassador.

Prince Charles returned from Madrid without the Infanta Maria; but when negotiations for his marriage with the Princess Henrietta Maria of France were initiated in the following year the provision of a chapel for her use at each of these palaces was demanded in this marriage treaty also. Building work was resumed in 1626, and Queen Henrietta Maria and her ladies walked from Denmark House to St. James's on Holy Thursday "to visit the Holy Sepulchre in the chapel provided there for her household." The retinue of a bishop, fifteen priests and fourteen Theatine friars which had accompanied the Queen from France had been reduced to a bishop and twelve secular priests when some four hundred of her French train were, to their voluble indignation, sent back to France; but in 1630, just before the birth of Charles II, ten Capuchin friars arrived, and a contemporary writer notes that "the new-built Chappel is decently adorned, and the new-come Capuchins lodged commodiously, beyond the austerities of their rule." The establishment of a friary in the Protestant England of the seventeenth century is an event commemorated by Father Cyprien de Gamaches, one of their number,



MARLBOROUGH HOUSE CHAPEL FROM ST. JAMES'S PALACE

who notes with pardonable satisfaction that "on n'avait rien vu de semblable dans ce royaume depuis le malheureux changement de la religion."

The original account for the erection of what was known as the Queen's Chapel, and the adjoining buildings, is preserved in the Public Record Office. It is dated October 1st, 1626—September 30th, 1627, and was declared by Henry Wicks, Paymaster, "for money by him issued paid and defrayed for sondy Masonry Carpentry and other workes . . . in build-

walls were of brick with stone quoins, and were finished, then as now, with "morter and drawne like Ashler." The west front of the Chapel survives intact. The casement windows, hung in solid frames, are as Inigo Jones designed them. The "frontispiece" and the great cornice with its lions' heads are there. One wing, containing the ante-rooms, survives with altered windows. The other was destroyed in the eighteenth century.

During the Commonwealth the Chapel was stripped of its



THE INTERIOR OF THE CHAPEL FROM THE WEST, SHOWING THE COFFERED CEILING CARVED IN 1626

ing a new Chappell at St. James and covering the roofof the same with Lead and the Platformes adioyning. . . ." The total cost of the work was £4,027 14s.

The account refers to the "greate cornish round aboue the toppe of the Chappell with Twoe ffrontispeeces" of stone; to the carving of ten lions' heads of Portland stone "to carry the water from the upper Cornish"; to the framing and putting together of the coffers of the wooden ceiling; to the carving of these seventy-seven coffers "with eggs ankers flowers and lacing worke," and to the gilding of twenty-eight coffers and the painting of the remainder with white oil paint. The external

fittings, and the Council of State suggested that it should be fitted up as a library to house all the books and medals that still remained out of the Royal collection in St. James's Palace. A similar conversion was suggested forty years later, after almost as drastic a change in the Government of the kingdom, in respect of the sumptuously fitted chapel which James II had just completed in Whitehall Palace, with its marble reredos carved by Grinling Gibbons.

In 1662 the Queen's Chapel was once more furnished for the celebration of the Mass. The Queen drove through the park on September 21st to the newly opened Chapel, and Mr. Pepys

" crowded after her, and got up to the room where her closet is ; and there stood and saw the fine altar, ornaments, and the fryars in their habits."

Catherine of Braganza re-established the friary and, in spite of Orders in Council forbidding the " flocking of Catholics to the Chapels of the Queen," Mr. Pepys records visit after visit : tempted by the music, " which is not so contemptible, I think, as our people would make it, it pleasing me very well " : staying to hear Mass despite an unfortunate experience when " a man came and bid me go out or kneel down ; so I did go out " ; and watching his " dear Lady Castlemaine " who, as one of the Ladies of the Bedchamber, conscientiously carried out her duty of attendance on the Queen even before the unexpected conversion from the Protestant faith which she announced in 1663. Pepys records a visit paid with Philip Howard (the Cardinal of Norfolk), the Queen's Almoner, in January, 1667, to the new buildings of the friary, which he explored with his usual curiosity and thoroughness from dormitory to kitchen, " and mighty pretty rooms " he found them.

James, Duke of York, and Mary Beatrice, his second wife, kept their Court at St. James's from 1680 until 1685 ; but the Chapel was still Queen Catherine's, and in 1683 the sum of £230 was paid to Mr. Housman (or Jacobus Huysmans) for an altar-piece painted for the chapel. After Charles II's death Catherine gave the Chapel to the new Queen Mary, but retained the friary. There is a print in the Pepysian Library which shows the interior of " Queen Mary's Popish Chappel at St. James's, 1688," with the coffered ceiling carved in 1626, the flying angels about the east window supporting the cartouche emblazoned with the arms of Catherine of Braganza, the beautiful screen behind the altar, the altar-piece of Huysmans, the organ gallery on the south side with its elaborately carved front, and the pulpit on the north.

After James II's flight the Chapel was closed, and in 1700 William III granted its use to French and Dutch Protestants. The friary became a house and was granted in 1709 to trustees in favour of the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough, although the Queen Dowager, who died in 1705, had held a ninety-nine years' lease of the buildings from 1683. Marlborough House now stands on the site.



DETAIL OF CHANCEL DECORATION, PROBABLY BY GRINLING GIBBONS, 1679

The Queen's Chapel was known as the French or Dutch Chapel until, in 1781, the German Lutherans exchanged their chapel in the palace with the French congregation. It was the scene in 1734 of the marriage of George II's daughter, Princess Anne, to Prince William of Orange. From 1781 until 1901 it was known as the German Chapel, and in 1888 two memorial services were held in the Chapel—in March for the Emperor William I of Germany, in June for his son, the Emperor Frederick.

King Edward VII, who had attended services in the Chapel with Queen Alexandra during their long residence at Marlborough House as Prince and Princess of Wales, renamed it the Marlborough House Chapel in 1901. The Lutheran services were discontinued ; but the Danish services, instituted in 1880, continued until recently. The rooms adjoining the Chapel now form the residence of the Precentor of the Chapels Royal.

It was not until 1934 that, during a search among the Inigo Jones drawings in the library of the Royal Institute of British Architects, a partly mutilated design for the " Chimney piece of Her Maties Chappell closett at St. James's " was recognised as the original design for the chimneypiece still in the closet or Royal pew. It was not then possible to make any investigations in the Chapel itself, but the need for a complete renovation of the interior at the beginning of this year provided an opportunity for examining the fabric in detail.

It is the policy of the Commissioners of Works, when the repair of an historic building in their charge is undertaken, to ascertain the nature of the earliest colours used in the painting of walls and woodwork. The ceiling of the Chapel had been so often re-painted that it had the appearance of enriched plasterwork of rather coarse execution. Parts of the coffers were carefully stripped of paint, and were found to be pine, carved with great vigour, and in perfect preservation. My friend Mr. W. Grant Keith, whose knowledge of Inigo Jones's work is unequalled, reminded me of the " Declared Accounts " in the Public Record Office. There, dated 1626-27, were the full details of the work, including the gilding of twenty-eight coffers. Further investigation showed traces of gold on four rows of seven coffers each, at the east end of the Chapel. The proof was complete. The whole ceiling has now been freed of the accumulations of paint, the gilding cleaned and repaired, and the remainder of the woodwork carefully painted so that the sharpness of the carving is no longer blunted.

The Chapel, excluding the ante-chapel and the Royal pew above it, is 28ft. wide and 56ft. long. Jones had used the proportion of the single cube in the hall of the Queen's House at Greenwich. The Banqueting House is a double cube, as is also the great saloon at Wilton House. In the middle of the long axis of the chapel the side walls are broken by two shallow recesses, or transepts. That on the north has blocked doors which formerly led into the friary ; in the south transept is a gallery with a richly carved front of the second half of the seventeenth century, which is known as the Ambassadors' Pew. It was originally the organ gallery.

The panelling on the lower part of the walls is all of Charles II's reign. It had been painted and grained a dark oak colour in the late nineteenth century. The beautiful screen behind the altar is



THE CHANCEL, AS RESTORED, WITH AN ALTAΡPIECE FROM THE ROYAL COLLECTION

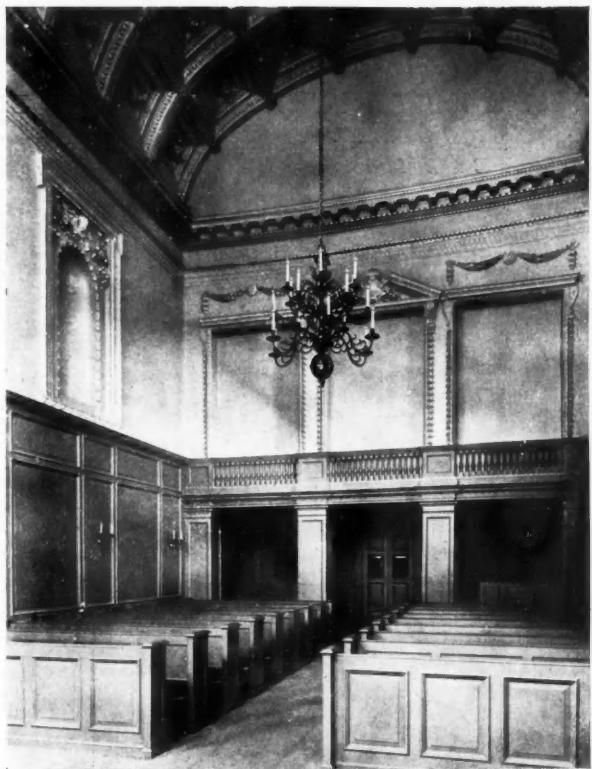
of the same date. No carver's name is mentioned in the accounts, but Grinling Gibbons was working for Charles II at Windsor in 1678, and may well have been employed here the next year, when much re-decoration was done. William Cleer was the joiner employed in the Chapel at this date.

The cartouche supported by flying angels above the east window displays the Stuart Royal arms impaling Portugal. There is no trace of earlier emblazoning on the cartouche. The whole of this carving, and the stone entablature of the window itself, were found to have been gilded.

The woodwork of screen and panelling had been painted originally an ivory colour which, in the course of time, had acquired a greenish tint. The overlying coats of paint and graining were removed, and the original colour and gilding restored. Two large brass candleabra have been hung from the ceiling. The choir stalls were found to incorporate parts of the richly carved pulpit shown in the drawing of 1688.

The organ, which was built by Snetzler as a chamber organ for George III about 1760, was originally in Buckingham House. It was given to the German Chapel, St. James's, by William IV, when the new Buckingham Palace was completed. The fine rosewood case was made by Chippendale. The organ has been carefully and conservatively re-built, and is now controlled by modern electric action. It was, unfortunately, found to be impossible to move it back to the south gallery; but a swell organ, added in 1869 above the great organ, completely blocking the east window, has been placed out of sight.

The nineteenth-century red baize dorsal and tester have been removed. The "Madonna and Child," painted by Huysmans for Catherine of Braganza (which had been removed in 1689), would have been too large with the organ in its present position, and a smaller picture, of the school of the Carracci,



THE FORMER ROYAL PEW AT THE WEST END
The whole of the woodwork has been repainted in its original colour which may be described as "greenish ivory"

which support the cartouche above the window, are not unworthy of the great architect who designed the Chapel. The exterior is restrained, but, as Inigo Jones reflected, "outwardly every wise man carryeth a gravity in Public Places, . . . yet inwardly hath his imagination set on fire, . . . as nature herself doeth often times extravagantly, to delight, amaze us, sometimes move us to laughter." He understood the passionate love of beauty, colour, gaiety and movement which filled Italy of the Renaissance, and lavished all his understanding genius in the service of his Royal master; and his genius touched the later artists who completed the embellishment of this gracious and beautiful building.

G. H. CHETTLE.



"QUEEN MARY'S POPISH CHAPPEL, ST. JAMES'S, 1688." From a print in the Pepysian Library

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ORIGINAL CARVED STONE CHIMNEYPIECE IN THE "CLOSET" OR ROYAL PEW. Designed by In'go Jones

perhaps an early work of Annibale, has been selected from the Royal collection and hung against a new panelled background, executed by Messrs. James Walker. The treatment of the altar itself and the design of the altar cloth were entrusted by the Lord Chamberlain to Mr. W. H. Randoll Blacking, F.R.I.B.A.

At the west end, above the ante-chapel, are three blocked openings of the closet or Royal pew. The side openings were widened in the latter part of the eighteenth century, and in 1863 a floor was inserted to provide bedrooms in the upper part of the room, cutting across the panelling and the windows.

Although much of the furnishing in the Chapel dates from the reign of Charles II, the impression produced by this beautiful building, now that the drab colours and sombre lighting of the nineteenth century have been banished, is completely harmonious. The decoration of the east end has all the *verve*, the movement and the swing of baroque art at its best. English reticence has not unduly curbed the exuberance of fancy: the curving lines and pierced scrolls of the screen, the flying angels

with its blazonry above the

window,

are not unworthy of the great architect who de-

signed the Chapel.

The exterior is restrained, but, as Inigo

Jones reflected,

"outwardly every wise man carryeth a

gravity in Public Places, . . . yet inwardly hath his

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G. H. CHETTLE.

PLANT HUNTING IN IRAN

TWO WOMEN IN A PERSIAN VILLAGE. By ALICE FULLERTON

Mrs. Fullerton, who has just published her experiences in "To Persia for Flowers," and Miss Nancy Lindsay spent several months botanising for the British Museum in the out-of-the-way countryside of northern Iran.

WE left England on March 1st for our adventure, knowing that we were to collect botanical specimens in or about the Elburz Mountains for the British Museum and hoping to find garden plants for our own garden and those of friends. It was a weary journey across Germany, Poland and Russia, with a crossing of the Caspian before we reached Persian soil at Pahlevi. From there a drive of fifteen hours to Tehran took us over high and perilous mountain passes; Gilan, the Caspian province, as we passed through it, was in full spring—primroses, stars of Bethlehem, violets and primula thickly carpeting the banks, the ditches red with young pomegranate leaves, orchards of peach trees in full bloom, mulberries, almonds, and a lovely pink mirabelle plum. As the road climbed higher, the lush vegetation ceased, and on the rocky passes a few pushing leaves of bulbs and the grey-green of a small shrub with bright pink flowers were the only colour. At the highest point, about 6,000ft., with snow still in

great delay while it was mended. An hour later a spring went in our own car, and this again delayed us, so that it was afternoon before we limped into Kasvin. There we paid our respects to the Governor and head of the Anglo-Persian Oil Company, who, though anxious to help, could give us little advice; so we again started off to look for ourselves. On our chauffeur's advice we went to Sultanabad, a large walled village on the Kasvin-Hamadan road. "Plenty good water mens and house there," he told us. It was six o'clock when we drove up to the tall mud wall of "our village," as it was to be for the next few months.

The sun was setting and the flocks returning, in a cloud of pink dust, from their pastures, each driven by a herdsman with weird shouts and cries. Loel, the chauffeur, disappeared into a vast hole in the wall, returning soon with the three elders of the village, dressed in their ceremonial black and wearing the ugly Pahlevi hat—which few Persians even take off, either night or day, from what I could see.

Our letters were read and approved, and we were taken through the gate into a large walled garden with a huge tank full of water which overflowed into channels. On one side was a long, low house, the entire front of which was one window. Our luggage was taken out of the cars, put in a glass walled room; the cars departed, and our adventure had begun.

The first night, which we spent on our camp beds, was made hideous by the noise of cats, dogs and cattle, all trying to outwit each other in their efforts to serenade us; the tinkle of the camel bells was the only soothing sound. In the morning, the bright sun, the clear blue sky, and the feeling that we were completely away in a new world, cheered us up, and we crept out of our sleeping-bags and tried to dress under the inquisitive eyes of the villagers, who thronged into the garden to look at the two strange creatures who had descended on them out of the blue. It took some time to make them understand what we wanted, since Abbas' English consisted of about six words and those all connected with food; and we had to rely on signs to make ourselves understood.

At first we were followed everywhere and watched suspiciously, the women veiling their faces, the children running away; but soon they realised that we were harmless—mad, perhaps. Why did we want flowers? Most of them were not good to eat, nor for medicines—at least, those which we picked. But they quickly grasped what we wanted, and tried to show us where one or another treasure might be found. Our first friend was the gardener, whose child was brought to me suffering from teething fits and a bad cold. The mother held him fearfully, but hopefully, for were not all *Ferenghi Hakims*? Meanwhile

the villagers watched from the tops of near-by houses and walls, shouting advice and questions to the frightened parent. This was our "Open Sesame," and other patients came quickly to ask for our help and eventually to become our friends.

Sultanabad is on a high flat plain about 4,000ft. above sea level, surrounded by mountains which look as if a short ride would bring you to their barren slopes, but in reality they are many miles away. There was not a tree to be seen, except in the irrigated vine fields round the walled villages. Little or nothing is grown except for use, and the trees were either "the poor man's olive," which is the lovely silver-leaved *Elaeagnus orientalis*, whose myriad of cream-coloured bells filled the air with their heavy scent; the green-stemmed poplars, grown thickly and used as roof poles for the straw and mud roofs; and the small sweet apricots, peach and pistachio nut trees.

The vine fields were sunk below high banks, the water from the stream outside the village being diverted through various channels on different days to irrigate them in turn. The water rights in the villages are their most precious possessions. As the spring advanced, the ground between the vines became a sheet of colour—pale mauve spotted *Gladiolus aleppicus*; *Ixiolirion Pallasii* of so vivid a blue that it matched the sky above; also a tiny mauve anemone-like flower which is really *Geranium tuberosum*; and later on, great clumps of a bright red parasite, *Phlomis*, a cross in appearance between an orchid and a begonia;



"A LARGE WALLED GARDEN WITH A TANK FULL OF WATER"

patches, there was a sudden splash of vivid blue, *Iris histrioides*, as we think, and near it the delicate *Tulipa polychroma*. We could not get at our collecting material in our tightly packed car, so we left these treasures for another time, with the result that we never saw them again.

Tehran was in the first flush of spring. Almonds, peaches and other fruit trees were just coming into bloom; there was one particularly lovely large single white almond with a delicious smell. A few days later on Nu Ruz, the Persian New Year, the gardens and roads were aflush with the beautiful Persian variety of *Cercis siliquastrum*, the leaf of which is more glaucous and the flower smaller and deeper-coloured than our Judas tree.

No one could advise us as to the best collecting ground, and everyone wanted us to go to their own particular district. We finally started off to look for ourselves—Nancy, myself, and all our small luggage in one car; in the second, Abbas, alias Weary Willy, our servant, with our beds, tables, pots, pans, lamps, every conceivable thing, including a bottle of whisky given to us by the British Minister in case—. We were armed with letters: from the Persian Legation in London, the British Museum, complete with crown and seal, the Persian Minister of Education, and the Chief of Police.

At Karez our passports and letters were inspected, and here the second car's tyre burst, which, since all spare wheels which I met in Persia seemed made for show and not for use, caused a



A PERSIAN MADONNA



VILLAGERS WASHING-UP BESIDE THE STREAM

patches of gagia, like a yellow Star of Bethlehem ; and grape hyacinths of every kind from the dark blue we know so well to the huge leaves and stems of an ugly plant that is still a muscari. The plain was thickly covered with camel thorn, which filled our ankles with tiny thorns. This is the Rosa berberifolia, so treasured and so impossible to grow in Europe. It is covered with a deep yellow, brown-centred flower, and is very lovely. On some banks was a large single-flowered yellow rose, unnamed and, we believe, a new variety.

Growing in profusion was a spiky thorn bush with thick bunches of pea-like blooms and grey-green leaves, *Halimodendron argentinum* ; as well as all sorts of annuals, among them *Centaurea solstitialis*, deep blue and purple ; feathery Scabious *Palestina*, with seed pods like fairy lace ; tall lupinus, which is not a lupin at all, but *Sophora alopecuroides* ; great red horned poppies, and masses of rumeria in orange and red, with their cousins the (Shirley) poppies matching in colour, but without their black tufted centres spangled in gold. In addition to these, there was Rosa centifolia, the double pink, heavily scented Persian rose, which is gathered by the peasants as soon as opened to make rose-water. Other roses were the double yellow Rose *hemispherica* and the yellow and copper "Austrian briars" of our gardens ; really, these are Persian roses. There was also a lovely little double white cabbage rose unknown to us in this country. Tall spikes of pink, yellow and white hollyhock could be seen, and drifts of a lovely

bright pink convolvulus or mallow, having the flowers of one and the leaf and growth of the other. Hidden among the corn was a green and unhealthy-looking flower, the aristolochia, with its cucumber-like fruit. The astragalus were there in multitudes, and we collected about ten different sorts, all good garden plants, ranging from a low creeper with purple spikes on through every shape and size to the tall ones with leaves like jade discs and large yellow balls for flowers.

Thistles, too, abounded in every shape and size, some with large blue heads and malachite leaves, some with dark brown tufts and jade leaves, and others with purple puffs and grey foliage. It was almost impossible to get seeds of these, as the donkeys were very fond of them, and it was a race between us as to

which of us got the plant first. Also, one thistle is much eaten as a spring vegetable, and is brought into the bazaars in huge piles to be cut up and eaten with rice, after being cooked in sheep's fat.

Iris caucasica, locally, was a wonderful green, like jade stars on the brown earth. They were the first to appear, their colour and translucence shedding a light on the dull earth around them ; farther afield their colour changed through blue to the usual yellow, but our "jade iris" surpassed them all. There was also a sweet-smelling shrub of the Daphne family, *Stellera Lesserti*, and many salvias, yellow, white, and a variety of blues ; one with large whorls of blue up a long stem and with pointed grey-green leaves, is doing well in my English garden.



THE FLOCKS RETURNING FROM THEIR PASTURES

DORICH HOUSE, KINGSTON VALE CONTAINING MISS DORA GORDINE'S STUDIO

EVEN that very small section of the nation who wear hand-made boots and whose hats are "cut on the head" in the rue de la Paix or Bond Street are content to live in ready-made houses. Family mansions, possibly; but, even when of the most modern construction, seldom built to conform to their owner's idiosyncrasies: almost never designed by their possessor, with every detail, from the door-step to the chimney-pots, especially selected and supervised. Dorich House, the home of the Hon. Richard and Mrs. Hare, and the studio of the latter, at Kingston Vale, must be, I think, unique in this respect, as indeed in many others. Designed by themselves, without professional architect or contractor, the brickwork, plumbing, flooring, plasterwork—all the hundred and one details of heating, lighting, and decoration—were chosen at the Building Centre and carried out by a number of sub-contractors.

To the most ignorant it will seem astounding that the ideas of an English and Russian couple should have taken such charming and interesting shape: to the more experienced in building conditions, simply miraculous. As a sculptor, Mrs. Hare (better known to the general public by the name of Dora Gordine) had certain very definite wants. As a sculptor, also, she thinks naturally in terms of space and volume. She feels the quality of her materials: the richness of bronze, the ductility of clay, and the warmth and patina acquired by wood with time, and under the hand of man. She knew what she wanted in house and studio, and, more uncommon knowledge, why she wanted it. Consequently, her home and studio have realised her needs perfectly.

In the first place, the site was a matter of infinite importance; and the one eventually found, with its lovely views over the noble trees of Richmond Park, could hardly be bettered. Having



A SEATED FEMALE FIGURE BY DORA GORDINE
Occupies a central position on the brick-paved roof

found a nearly perfect situation, the very most has been made of its advantages. From the flat roof the whole panorama of the Park and the distant tree-clad hills unfolds around one; it enables Dora Gordine to work on a figure intended for a garden ornament actually in its intended setting, under the sky, with a background of leaves and branches. The house is on three floors, and reverses the ordinary arrangement, inasmuch as the servants' bedrooms are on the ground floor and the dining-room and kitchen on the top floor, while the first floor is a studio which opens into a long, grandly proportioned gallery filled with sculpture. The same wall treatment is used throughout: the doorways and recesses have arched openings, and the ceiling is coved.

Above, the second floor forms a complete flat, and the flat roof (with a kind of deck-house in the centre, where it is possible to sleep) is paved in red brick. The entire area of the house is thus available for work or recreation, meals, and sleeping under the stars in fine weather.

The practical considerations which a sculptor must consider—space, light, warmth for the model—are amply fulfilled. With a large double window to the north, the studio has folding doors that shut it away completely, so that it is quiet and enclosed. When distance is necessary to envisage the work done, the folding doors are opened. They shut back against the thickness of the walls, and a long vista that includes studio and saloon enables the artist to see her work or the model in perspective. The studio and saloon, with warm-coloured polished jarrah floors, walls plastered and distempered in a deep vellum shade, and the few pieces of furniture in dark woods, make a perfect setting for the statuary disposed about them. There is none of the coldness, or monotony of colour, one finds in the *ateliers* of many sculptors. On their



SCULPTURE IS WELL DISPLAYED IN THE SALOON.
Seen through the arched openings of the centre landing



THE STUDIO MAY BE CLOSED BY FOLDING DOORS.
It is seen through the arch on the left of the stairs

plinths of polished walnut, the bronze of bust or seated figure is coloured as befits its particular character. Fine old Oriental rugs on the floor harmonise with the purplish bloom on the back of a bronze torso, or the old green patina of a Chinese girl's head on a massive Chinese cabinet in black and dull silver in a recess.

As a nation, English people have little susceptibility to sculpture in comparison with the Latin races, and when a bronze or marble figure is seen, in a domestic setting, it is rarely placed to advantage. If our modern interior decorators could note how finely sculpture takes its rightful position on the staircase, or in the living-rooms, of this house, they might realise how valuable such objects can be in the austerity of contemporary settings. The works of Dora Gordine are not secluded in her studio; they form an intimate part of the home. On the roof, placed actually on the glass dome which gives light to the staircase, sits a figure of a girl in green bronze, intended for a garden ornament. The semicircular windows in the flat have wide sills, where vase or figure stands outlined against the



THE TOP BRANCHES OF A CHESTNUT TREE ARE FRAMED BY THE WINDOW OF THE SITTING-ROOM



A BRONZE STATUE OF A BABY BY DORA GORDINE, was recently presented by the Mayor of Westminster to the Westminster Infant Welfare Centre

sky or, even more beautifully, against the dark branches of a chestnut tree.

Opening out of each other by a Chinese Moon door, the dining-room and sitting-room designedly achieve an atmosphere entirely different from that of the high, well lighted studio and gallery on the floor below. These are for work—and strenuous work (for Dora Gordine can put in her sixteen hours' labour a day, even in the climate of Singapore); while the living-rooms are for relaxation, leisure. Their windows, though large enough in proportion to the size of the rooms, are set low in the walls, and their rounded tops mitigate the glare from the sky, which might be considerable in this high situation. On this floor peace reigns. Chinese ebony furniture, Chinese pottery and painted hangings, the same polished jarrah floors covered with lovely rugs as in the rooms below, and a red-brick fireplace surrounded with comfortable chairs upholstered in warm dark colours, make the upper rooms appear, in comparison with the first floor, like a same landscape seen under a quiet evening sun, in contrast with the bright, glancing rays of morning that call forth the artist's creative powers.

M. BARRON.

An Exhibition of Miss Gordine's work is on view at the Leicester Galleries until November 19th.



THE DINING-ROOM IS DIVIDED FROM THE SITTING-ROOM BY MOON DOORS. THE CHINESE FURNITURE IS IN EBONY



BESIDE THE SITTING-ROOM FIREPLACE ARE BUILT-IN SEATS UPHOLSTERED IN WARM COLOURS

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

THE FARMER OF TO-DAY AND YESTERDAY—A REVIEW BY ADRIAN BELL

A *Sussex Farmer*, by William Wood. (Cape, 8s. 6d.)

MR. WOOD'S reminiscences of farming life in Sussex go back through a life of eighty years. He does not make a plea for the ancient order, but is content in episode and story to underline the difference between then and now. In outward things the difference is certainly great, but more significant even is the change of mind : one might almost say change—or even loss—of heart. It is almost as though, if the land loses heart, the men who work it lose heart too, whatever their physical conditions. "Sweated labour" is a term applied for some reason only to factories. How much more literally true of mowing with a scythe from dawn till dark through the burning days of July ! The mystery was that, after such a day, the men, as Mr. Wood recalls, did not " creep back to their cottages exhausted." No, they would fill their pipes, then "stroll off home laughing and chatting."

He does not defend those long hours and low wages ; he merely makes the observation, adding that it was probably plenty of home-brewed beer (pure beer) and home-baked bread which sustained and hardened them. I have heard the same from old labourers who worked in those days on that fare. The bread, they say, had "stay" in it. And what a rural population there was ! One hundred men, Mr. Wood counts, were employed in the grinding of local corn alone within a radius of six miles of him.

taken for granted in past days, has since caused Mr. Wood some misgiving ; and he asked those present (now in comfortable positions in industrial life) how their parents had managed to bring them up on so little as sixteen shillings a week. There followed an account of such frugality as makes one realise it was as much hard thinking as hard work that ran such a home ; a glimpse of a power of organisation in the "uneducated" labourer's wife that would take some beating to-day when domestic economy is a text-book subject and flappers take class-room lessons in housewifery.

Drivers Up, by Dwight Akers. (Putnam, 21s.)

AMERICAN harness racing, of which this is the story, must be a comparatively unknown quantity to most English people. Yet during the middle decades of the last century it was the leading national sport of America, and even now, when they have to share the field with ordinary horse-racing, baseball, and polo, the trotting horses can still command a large audience. Although primarily for American consumption, this book should appeal to a wider audience in this country than it might have found a few years ago, and it certainly takes the reader along a comparatively unworn track in the history of horse-racing. Harness racing evolved naturally in America in the horse and buggy age from the day when every man of spirit drove his own horse, and farmers raced their roadsters along the public highway. From these impromptu contests developed country meetings with the Main Street



FAST TROTTERS ON HARLEM LANE

Cornelius Vanderbilt driving Myron Perry and Daisy Burns ; Robert Bonner driving Dexter. (Currier and Ives)

(From "Drivers Up")

There were eighteen mills where to-day are only two. The extinction of one trade led to that of another. The local mills disappearing, the millwright went also : the local maltster has gone with the home-brewing of beer ; so, too, the wheelwright, the cobbler. Farmers were, after all, only a part of the country community. Farming goes on, but the interlinked rural culture is dead.

A yeoman born and bred, Mr. Wood is free from any prejudice that attaches to the farmer in the popular view. Two London girls, he admits, looked after his cows during the War, better than any man. They were more careful, gave exact measurements of rations, and were cleaner in milking. There is something domestic, after all, about the work of a cowhouse. The cow always was the woman's job.

Mr. Wood is an advocate of small holdings, and of the use of the land for the production of perishable foodstuffs, with reliance on importation for all our wheat supply. His stories of Sussex farmers and labourers of the past, of their traditional songs, show a spontaneity of spirits, whether it was at a full-blown market ordinary which reads nowadays like a city banquet, or among a company of harvesters going home after a long day's work on bread and beer.

His reminiscences show without doubt that if the means of communication were slow the minds were quick. A glimpse of the relations that could exist between master and man is afforded by his account of a tea-party at which he was asked to join the sons and their wives of two of his father's men who had come down to revisit their old home. The lowness of wages, though

as the race track. The prohibition of running (gallop) races after the American Revolution gave the trotters their chance, which they took with both hands. For, curiously enough, the horse that trotted was not supposed to contaminate the morals of the people in the same way as the galloping thoroughbred ! From Topgallant, grandson of the English thoroughbred, Messenger, who covered a mile in just under three minutes in the early eighteen-twenties, to Greyhound, also a descendant of Messenger, who trotted his mile in 1min. 56secs. in 1937, is a long trail, peopled with many gallant horses and sporting personalities, and in Mr. Akers' capable hands makes a lively, sometimes thrilling story, illustrated by a number of extremely illuminating prints. It is interesting to learn that Muybridge's invention of the zoopraxoscope, which was to make Hollywood possible, was devised so that a breeder of trotters could observe the movements of the horse in action. And to one reader, at all events, the most remarkable horse was Sleepy Tom, who in the late 'seventies raced and won, although totally blind, guided and controlled through the dark by the voice of his driver. Surely this must be the most perfect case of understanding between horse and man ever recorded.

C. E. G. H.

The New Immortality, by J. W. Dunne. (Faber, 3s. 6d.) IT is probable that no writer of our time has given the philosophical mind more trouble and harder material to chew than Mr. Dunne. He has applied mathematics to an odd blend of physics and metaphysics, and the result is a cross-time puzzle. I do not see that he proves his case, for, as in his previous works, there is always a fallacy or an assumption without warrant. In this book we are asked to take for granted a great deal more than is apparent in "special pleading." Generally and loosely speaking, an individual ego travelling along its life-line in serialist space can be affected by contact in present pseudo-time by another ego or masses of egos, and although, according to the

Dunne theory, the past is frozen for all and every conception of time, the future is swayed by the energy transference of egos travelling in "time now," and in "time now" we deform the future. Mr. Dunne does not explain how this transference of energy is to be accounted for. If we accept his construction of space-time-fields, we need some other factor to account for the conceptual alteration of times and spaces by the "now-contacts" of human minds. The postulate that in the "now" of "pseudo time" egos can alter or displace the future is a testimony to the physics of free-will; but is it mathematically possible to change these constants without making allowances for the change in the co-ordinate framework? So far as can be seen, Dunne's interpretation does not provide any proof of immortality. It might provide for a transient ego persistence by a condition of stress or deformation extensive over a time-field but only if we realise that Dunne's slight distortions of fields are relative to the gravitation field of this earth. Once his space-time frame gets beyond this field, the energy put into distorting space and time to fit the "being" of present pseudo-time is probably reversed as the co-ordinates adjust themselves, and all that has been is not. One might consider that the movement of our world in its space orbit is a way of clearing Time of materialist litter. A

(*Further reviews will be found on page xl.*)

great many people who read Mr. Dunne's book will not have adequate philosophic knowledge, and it may interest many readers to go rather further than their present knowledge. "The Mind and its Place in Nature," by C. D. Broad, Professor of Moral Sciences, Trinity College, Cambridge, a book published by Kegan Paul in 1925, is a very good and readable work, which may assist them to follow his reasoning.

H. B. C. P.

A SELECTION FOR THE LIBRARY LIST

BRITISH AGRICULTURE, by Viscount Astor and B. Seebohm Rowntree (Longmans, 15s.); SCAFFOLDING IN THE SKY, by C. H. Reilly (Routledge, 12s. 6d.); ELIZABETH OF BOHEMIA, by Carola Oman (Hodder and Stoughton, 18s.); FIFTY YEARS A VETERINARY SURGEON, by Sir Frederick Hobday (Hutchinson, 10s. 6d.); BIRDS THROUGH THE YEAR, by "Fishhawk" (Duckworth, 10s. 6d.); AT THE TURN OF THE TIDE, by Richard Perry (Drummond, 12s. 6d.). Fiction: THE MIDAS TOUCH, by Margaret Kennedy (Cassell, 8s. 6d.); FLYING COLOURS, by C. S. Forester (M. Joseph, 7s. 6d.); Verse: THE MAID'S SONG, by Phyllis Hartnoll (Macmillan, 3s. 6d.).

GOLF BY BERNARD DARWIN TILL APRIL'S THERE

IN the Blackheath minutes it is written: "1st November, 1800. Mr. Boyd, chair. Donaldson's Bill for Hole-making £3 4s. 6d. allowed and the Secretary desired to discharge the same. It was moved: That the usual allowance to Donaldson be continued to him and paid by the Secretary in the way most likely to produce the benevolent intentions of the Club. Adjourned to the first Saturday in April, 1801." That was the end of the golf for the year, save for those harder players who were also members of the Blackheath Winter Golf Club and played when it was "Very cold. Hard Frost and plenty of Snow. Wind N.N.W. to N.E."—or, again, when "The weather was extremely favourable. The Hazards beautifully interesting from the fulness of all of water." The less enterprising put away their clubs till spring was on the Heath again. The season was over.

The first of November has come round once more, and it may be said that the season is over: but with how great a difference! For five long months those old Scottish exiles in London could only think about their pleasant game and the turtle and venison that followed it. To-day, hardly anybody puts away his clubs altogether; but the end of the season brings a great variety of thoughts to the various classes of golfers. There is the eminent professional, for instance. To him the winter must bring a blessed surcease after having to keep himself up to concert pitch through all that long and ever-growing list of summer tournaments. He must often feel stale, but he cannot allow himself to be stale. At the *News of the World* Tournament at Walton Heath in September I chanced to hear Alfred Perry say that he was not hitting the ball nearly so well as he had been at the beginning of the season. Clearly he was feeling a little jaded, but, though he may not have suspected it, there was a fine dying kick left in his game, for it was only a little while later, at Wentworth, that he won the Dunlop-Metropolitan Tournament with four rounds each under seventy—one of the most remarkable achievements in golfing history. It must be a great relief to the big men in the profession to reflect that, except for a little friendly amusement in the mud in Alliance meetings, they can hibernate for several months. Even so, every rose has its thorn, and they may also reflect on the hard months of teaching ahead of them—standing in mittens and a biting wind, enthusiastically endeavouring to make people hit the ball, who too palpably will never be able to do so.

Then there are those players who live on or close to seaside courses. They are to be contemplated with jealous eyes, for mud is unknown to them, and there is no golf in the world like seaside golf on a fine winter's day. Moreover—and this is what makes them gloat—they have the links to themselves. "Thank heavens," they say, "the last of those confounded visitors has gone." They are no longer afflicted with ballots and time-sheets; they can play their familiar foursomes or four-ball matches when they like; they can practise driving on the first fairway or putting on the home green; they can have their after-tea Bridge in peace. How enviable a state is this! It has only happened to me once to spend two or three days at St. Andrews in mid-winter, and golf has for me hardly any more blissful memory. There was just the touch of frost in the ground, that had departed before we had crossed the burn; the single lazy round in the sunshine (it grew dark too quickly for two); the solitary practising—yes, practising—for an hour after luncheon, bang in the middle of the Old Course; finally, the sitting with just a few friends in the great room of the club, with the roaring fires, and the long curtains drawn over the big window. What a difference from the crowds of the Autumn

Medal week, and how the natives must hate us tourists and trippers when we come back for the Spring Medal—unless, indeed, they have got to hate each other by that time and like us for a little change.

Their lot is—superficially, at least—much happier than that of the dwellers on mud, especially of those among them who are not so young as they used to be and find all their beautiful illusions of increased length ruthlessly shattered. I read an article by Cotton the other day, in the *News of the World*, in which he was all in favour of forward tees and winter rules, and I thought he talked very sound sense. Winter golf can be made much more pleasant or less unpleasant by a little pampering of ourselves, and it will be time enough to take ourselves sternly by the scruff of the neck when April comes. Not, of course—to adopt a true-blue-Tory attitude—that there is really such a thing as mud nowadays. "Gad, sir," Colonel Blimp would remark, "the modern golfer does not know what mud is." I think I could still show him a reasonable imitation of it, but wild horses will not make me say where; and, generally speaking, draining and concentrated attacks upon the worms have done wonders. The other day I visited a course where, thirty years ago, I had seen my partner top a brassey shot and lose the ball straight in front of his nose. This time there had been heavy rain in the night, and yet I could have walked there in bedroom slippers. Nevertheless, "a little judicious levity" in the way of teeing the ball does no harm.

Fourthly and fifthly, there are the golfers at the Universities and those of us who periodically write about them. These two classes may be grouped together, though their views and their tasks are quite different. The golfing reporter, who has been chasing from pillar to post all the summer, now enjoys a time of comparative tranquillity and does not resent a mild jaunt to some course near London, where either Oxford or Cambridge is playing a match, in the course of which he seldom arrives early enough to see all the play in the foursomes. The undergraduate golfer, on the other hand, having been—except in a few cases—a comparatively obscure citizen during the summer, now leaps into the limelight. This is his season, and I must say that he makes the most of it and does work hard. Saturday after Saturday he gets up in pitch darkness, breakfasts on the road, and is miles and miles away, ready to start his match, by ten o'clock in the morning. Nearly every Sunday he is equally hard at it, though he is then sacrilegiously disguised as a Divot or an Outlaw. I love him very much, but I am often glad that I am not his father, and so have not got to pay for all his expeditions. I am writing not long after spending one of these agreeable Saturdays of watching. This was on the finest conceivable St. Luke's Summer day, in the Old Deer Park, where Cambridge were playing Mid-Surrey and just beat them by a single match. I have not seen Oxford yet and will indulge in no comparisons, but I thought that Cambridge ought to have a side of at least average merit, or perhaps rather better. They have four old Blues, and that which is most important, an outstanding player in Mr. Langley to lead the side. They have their two reserves of last year, Mr. Halstead and Mr. Browne, who were, I think, the two best reserves that ever earned a dinner for their companions. They have plenty of material from which to fill their places—notably, perhaps, Mr. Booth, a freshman from Stowe, which seems able to produce young golfers as Bristol once produced prize-fighters, and Mr. Mann from South Africa. They all seemed to hit the ball a long way, and made light of some of the Mid-Surrey holes that I used to think of as vast two-shotters "and then come"; but that is common form.

CORRESPONDENCE

ADAM MIRRORS AT CORSHAM

TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."
SIR,—Some of your readers may care to have further details relating to the Adam mirrors at Corsham that were described in your issue of October 15th last. These details illustrate how the mirrors and console tables were purchased, and the names of some of the artisans or tradesmen of the day.

The mirrors may have been delivered in 1769, as there is a bill dated May 14th of that year for paying "the chaise-man for the carriage of the Glasses" £13 13s. In the same year, on April 17th, the gilder, Charles Grogan, who was employed at Corsham from 1768-72, was paid £12 8s. for gilding the "border glass"—possibly the carved surround or frame of the mirrors which had in that case been delivered first, i.e., before the plate glass.

The console tables do not appear to have been completed until 1772, when Shorney Beard, mason, supplied and fixed, on December 20th, 1771, the table with the blue granite top, for which he was paid £39 15s.; and Richard Hayward £15 4s. for the table with the "Brucatella di Francia" top, which he supplied on January 20th, 1772. Both these facts are referred to in your article.

The coloured and finished drawings mentioned in the article were found entirely by accident by my brother and myself when, as boys, we were exploring a long-closed attic. The drawings had evidently been put away about 100 years previously—to judge by the date of the correspondence in the box with them—and had been forgotten.—METHUEN.

"DEFACING THE AVON"

TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."
SIR,—I consider that, in the interests of the many people concerned, some reply should be sent to the letter that was published in your issue of September 24th regarding the work of the Avon and Stour Catchment Board. While the work that has been criticised in a letter from your correspondent is actually being done, the river banks do have a canal-like appearance such as he suggested; but Nature quickly alters this, as can be seen from the accompanying photograph, which was taken in September, 1938, at Coombe, six months after the river had been cleaned by the Catchment Board, in the same way as the one shown in the illustration that accompanies your correspondent's letter.

As your readers will doubtless realise, Nature quickly alters this unkempt appearance. Bends in the river have been accentuated, and not eliminated as was suggested. Where the banks have been cut back in certain places, this has been found necessary because particular areas have been infested with voles and rats, and the banks had become broken and trodden into the river by cattle. The banks are now being protected, and cattle drinking places have been made, so that in future this should not occur.

As to the spoil that is heaped on the banks, this is mud that is taken from the river and put on the banks to dry; but within forty-eight hours this is carted away and used to fill up bogs and marshy places in surrounding meadows.

The question of flooding has also been considered. It has been very heavy in the Enford and Chisenuary districts. The method adopted is to clean out the neglected parts and to repair disused water hatches. This work was started two years ago, and is still being carried out under my supervision.



CATHCARTS OF KILLOCHAN CASTLE

As regards the river itself, an inspection would show that the food life for the fish has been improved and not impaired. The experience of anglers during the past few months has been that the season has been as good as, if not better than, usual. I should like to stress that the greatest care is being taken and that an experienced bailiff is in charge, and the river is being restocked. There is a small hatchery at Chisenbury, and large quantities of six to eighteen months old trout can be observed, not only in the main stream but also in the re-opened carriers. The thanks of the anglers are due to the War Department Estate Office, the Catchment Board, and the farmers, for their work and co-operation.—H. CECIL VICKERS.

GUY FAWKES DAY

TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."
SIR,—The enclosed two verses (in the original there are eight), written more than a hundred years ago (since I take them from a little gilt-edged book dated 1831), give an idea of how long Guy Fawkes Day has been celebrated by the children.

"What changes by the lapse of years
Are silently imprest!
The terror of one age appears
Another's vulgar jest.
"His ruthless daring has not won
E'en pity's fruitless sigh;
For ragged urchins beg, in fun,
A penny for Old Guy!" A.S.D.H.



THE AVON AT COOMBE SIX MONTHS AFTER CLEANING

OLD SCOTTISH PANELLING TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."

SIR,—This photograph shows a section of the sixteenth-century oak panelling recently purchased from Mr. G. J. A. Cathcart-Walker-Heneage of Killochan Castle, Ayrshire, by the National Art Collections Fund, through the "London Scot" bequest, for presentation to the National Museum of Antiquities of Scotland. Principal features of the panelling are portrait busts which are thought to represent the family of John Cathcart of Carlton (A.D. 1586), who was responsible for building Killochan Castle in that year. The carvings belong to a class of ornamentation in vogue during the reign of James V, when Sir James Hamilton of Finnart was King's Master of Works.—GEO. R. COOPER.

SWANS IN ORKNEY

TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."
SIR,—There were swans on Loch Stenness, Orkney, as mentioned by your correspondent, are no new thing, for they were there in numbers when I spent several winters there over thirty years ago.

Whoopers were there also in some numbers every winter, and were not barred by the mutes. They are most plentiful in February and March, evidently on passage to their breeding haunts in Iceland.

I only once saw Bewick's swans on Stenness, when they were in company with a herd of mute. I sailed hard down towards them, but the mutes rose first, completely blanketing them.

I never saw swans of any sort on the neighbouring Loch of Harray. I once heard a whooper-like call coming from a big herd of mutes, but, although I sailed round and round the herd, could see no whooper among them or discover the vocalist. I thought at the time that it might be one of the disputed species, the Polish swan (*Cygnus immutabilis*), whose cygnets are said to be white. Is this mysterious herd a cross between a mute and a whooper, and, if so, has it the long convoluted windpipe of the whooper, or the short one of the mute? These are questions that have never been answered.—H. W. ROBINSON.

A VENDETTA ON SNAILS

TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."
SIR,—Our gardener has an intelligent and original wire-haired terrier bitch, named Spot. She not only clears the place of rats, mice and hedgehogs, etc., but her hobby seems to be a vendetta on snails. She noses all round the rockery, and when she, apparently, smells a snail, she puts in her paw, routs out the snail, cracks the shell and leaves it to die, and the birds eat it. Never before have I met with a terrier who was death to snails.

We also have a cat, named Jack, a great, grey neuter, who was suckled by a former terrier belonging to our gardener. Jack is what they call a "dog-cat." He has all the instincts of a terrier, and is an expert ratter and mouser, and he has accounted for fourteen rats in a month. What he prefers is to find a nest of young rats which, unlike the terrier, he eats from head to tail. He is a mighty hunter, and often varies his diet by catching very young rabbits, bringing them in and eating them. He brings in all the game he catches and lays it at our feet, so to speak, for our approval.

When we hear his hunting cry, we hurry down to the dining-room, where we keep a window open for him to come in. He occasionally brings in small birds—but we do not command him then. He cannot stand our stony silence when he brings in a bird.—ARMINE GRACE.

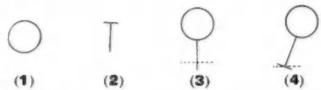
"THE THINGS THAT HAPPEN"

TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."

SIR.—Mr. Darwin's interesting article and accompanying photographs in COUNTRY LIFE of October 15th tempt me to accept the invitation to anyone to offer a suggestion as to how the phenomenon of the golf ball being transfixed by the peg tee could possibly have happened. I am not a man of science, nor do I lay claim to any particular intelligence, but I remember the 1932 incident and have devoted a good deal of thought to this most interesting problem.

In attempting to offer a possible solution to this, it must be remembered that there can always be raised the following objection: "But surely there wasn't time for that to happen. The ball must leave the club-head at such a speed as to leave the peg yards behind in a fraction of a second." But whatever did happen to cause these two most interesting photographs, must obviously have happened in a thousandth or even a millionth of a second. In other words, it must have happened very quickly. You have your facts, and they cannot be denied, unless the photographs were fakes or the result artificially produced—which is absurd. I rule out altogether the possibility of the peg being another peg—*i.e.*, the one not used for the shot. It must have been the actual peg used. (For purposes of diagram, let Fig. 1 = the ball, and Fig. 2 = the peg—and pay no attention to relative sizes.)

Presumably in each instance the ball had been teed up normally (Fig. 3) and not, as the photographs would lead one to imagine, as Fig. 4; for, if you pause to consider, the only way in which the peg could possibly



have pierced the ball in the manner illustrated (and this can be best seen if you turn the photographs upside down and the other way round—*i.e.*, Fig. 5 to Fig. 6) would have been for the peg at some time or other to have been in this position (Fig. 7) in relation to the ball (ball travelling from right to left). How, then, could this position (Fig. 8) be rapidly converted into this position (Fig. 9)?

Light is thrown on this by the fact which you quote, that in the 1934 instance the ball was topped. Now, the modern ball derives its capacity for great distance from its elasticity, and the shape of the ball at the moment of impact is something like this (Fig. 10). It

would therefore stand to reason that if the ball were in any degree *hit down* on to the wooden peg, the more or less solidly placed peg would also tend to make its "push" into the rubber surface of the ball, and would, for a tiny fraction of a second, tend to resist the flight of the ball. The ball would, therefore, relatively speaking, go backwards for a millionth of a second—by which I mean that its speed



THE PURPLE GALLINULE



A TILEMAKER'S FANCY

would decrease from, say, 200 to 180 m.p.h. for that moment of time. If that could be so—and obviously something of the kind must be so—the following series of positions might possibly take place (Figs. 11, 12 and 13).

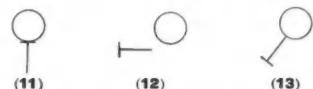


Fig. 12 allows for the peg to have travelled forward a few inches—or even a foot.

Fig. 13 allows for that fraction of a second when the ball was held up by the impact with the very top of the peg.

Granted that the peg can get into position (Fig. 13) *in time*, then the ball must strike the point of the peg at a velocity of over 100 m.p.h., and would be likely to become pierced by it, with the ground offering the necessary resistance (a stone or a rocky "under-turf" is not out of the question).

There is no doubt that the wooden peg does perform extraordinary antics every day. It may fly straight up into the air, or go backwards or forwards several yards, and these movements happen almost instantaneously with the contact by the club-head with the ball. The very lightness of the wooden peg prevents it travelling very far in any direction, but if the peg is subjected to a mis-hit drive, there must be a fraction of a second when its antics are performed at almost the same speed as the ball itself—particularly if it has been given an extra flip by the rubber casing of the ball.

The whole thing depends on how quickly the peg can get into the required position—as this is the only position in which the thing could happen:

—L. NOEL HIGGINS.

A VISITOR IN ARGYLL

TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."

SIR.—One so seldom hears of a visit to this country by the purple gallinule that some particulars of the bird depicted in this photograph may interest your ornithological readers. This bird made its appearance recently among some poultry in a small park here (in Argyll), but on being approached showed signs of nervousness and took a short flight, ultimately landing high up in a plane tree—surely rather strange behaviour for a bird of the wader species. Eventually we persuaded it to enter a large covered-in wire-netting enclosure, where up till now it has been successfully housed. Our chief difficulty was to discover what food might appeal to it, and it may be remarked that its health does not seem to have suffered from a diet of wheat.

An empty tea-chest has provided it with a convenient shelter, but it is hoped that more permanent quarters may be available for it at the Edinburgh Zoo, to which it is now being presented.—W. S. F. COLVILLE.

[Birds such as the purple gallinule are now so often kept by aviculturists that the origin of individuals like this must always be open to doubt.—ED.]

A SHIP ON THE ROOF

TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."

SIR.—I wonder if any of your readers have seen the like of the accompanying photograph. The roofing tile (for such it is), with its lively sgraffito of a ship in full sail on the back, was among those which had to be stripped recently from The Old Parsonage at Mottistone in the Isle of Wight, for the purpose of renewing the battens.

Accustomed as we are in the Island to finding nautical drawings scratched on the tempting surface of many of the chalk-built farmsteads, this is the first essay I have come across in this particular medium. It was clearly done while the clay was still soft, prior to baking, and, though a tile is difficult to date, the circumstances of its finding would suggest the late seventeenth or early eighteenth century.

It would be interesting to know if tile-makers often thus indulged their fancies.—PAUL PAGET.

SERVICE FOR HOUSEWIVES

TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."

SIR.—Your valuable paper wisely advocates the need of increased food production as an essential of our defence system. May I put forward a suggestion whereby the housewives of Great Britain might also help, if not in the production, at least in the supply of essential commodities? If each one who has the space would stock her store-room, in peace-time, with non-perishable articles—say, double her usual amount—and would take care to replenish her stock so as to keep it at that level, the warehouses would then replace their stocks to the same extent. This plan would free our merchant shipping, to a great extent, for other useful service in time of war. The commodities I have in mind are such things as tea, sugar, dried peas, lentils, tinned and bottled foods, and also such bulky necessities as soap. I feel convinced that this national service would appeal to many elderly housewives who cannot serve their country in more active ways.—ONE OF THEM.

[Needless to say, anything in the nature of hoarding is undesirable, but this is clearly not in our correspondent's mind. She urges no more than a reasonable measure of precaution in peace time and, of course, at such time as there is no suggestion of shortage.—ED.]

SIAMESE TWINS

TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."

SIR.—I beg to submit for your consideration a picture of what may be termed "Siamese twins." This sort of thing must be rare, and it is difficult to say how it was originally brought about. It may be noticed that the stem of the tree on the left is thicker above the point of fusion than it is below, which seems to indicate that the tree is deriving nourishment from the tree on the right.—E. V. LAING.

[This occurrence is interesting, but hardly so rare as our correspondent seems to think, as our Correspondence pages from time to time would show. The example is, however, a particularly good one.—ED.]



NATURE'S GOAL POSTS

NEWMARKET HOUGHTON MEETING

THE CURTAIN FALLS AT HEADQUARTERS

BETWEEN the Houghton meeting and the Craven meeting at Newmarket five clear months elapse. The interval is long enough to allow for the possibility of considerable change not only in the outlook for bloodstock, but in the map of the world. Pessimism is not my strong point ; so each year, although a varying international situation does not tempt one to look many months ahead, I feel at the conclusion of a Houghton meeting the same yearning for the next Craven gathering. Youngsters that have come out at the one may possibly shine at the other ; and it is quite likely that we shall be seeing some of those who distinguished themselves last week returning to the limelight next April. From this point of view Fox Cub, who scored in the Criterion Stakes on the opening day, is particularly to be noted. Many youngsters, destined for future classic honours, have won this event in years gone by. Windsor Lad and Exhibitionist are recent examples ; Fox Cub, who is a bright chestnut colt, with a white off fore stocking reaching to his knee, and a white near hind sock, may be another instance. Though bred in France by Mr. Esmond, he is essentially British. His sire, Foxhunter, who won the Ascot Gold Cup in 1933, was by Son-in-Law's son, Foxlaw, who scored in the similar event of 1927 ; Foxhunter was bred by the late Lord St. Davids, and was sold to Mr. Esmond as a yearling for 2,700gs. His dam, Dorina, won the French Oaks of 1926, and was by La Farina from

Dora Agnes, a daughter of Roi Hérode that came from D'Amour, she by Raconteur from Amora, a half-sister to that great horse, Zinfandel. Like Foxhunter, Dora Agnes was bred in England, by Mr. Deuchar ; she never raced, and was sold by Mr. C. M. Prior for 1,450gs., for export to France, at the December Sales of 1920. Second in the Criterion Stakes was Hypnotist, a half-brother to the St. Leger winner, Boswell, who was by the Derby and St. Leger winner, Hyperion, from Flying Gal II, a mare that was foaled in America. Actually, that is all there is foreign about her lineage. Her sire, Sir Galahad III, who is a half-brother to Bois Roussel, is a great-grandson of Flying Fox ; her dam, Filante, though by the French Derby and Grand Prix de Paris winner, Sardanaple, came from High Flyer, a daughter of Flying Fox. High Flyer was bred at Sledmere, and, like Hapsburg, came from the Stewards' Cup victress, Altesse. Third to Fox Cub and Hypnotist was Lord Astor's bay colt, Kenilworth. A big, reachy, undeveloped bay, he is by the Ascot Gold Cup winner, Bosworth ; his dam, Keener, is a daughter of Coronach that comes from the same dam, Jura, as did Glenabatrick, the dam of the Ascot Gold Cup winner, Tiberius. Of these three I reckon Fox Cub an easy first, not only now but for all time. His coloration is certainly somewhat startling, but many good horses —Blair Athol and Hyperion were two—have had the same fault, if it can be called one. To some the excess of white on chestnut may appear vulgar ; there was nothing of this description about the way Fox Cub got down to his work, and, without the whip, ran his race right out to beat Hypnotist. It was a performance worth going miles to see. Fox Cub may credit Mr. Esmond with his first Derby and his trainer, Mr. Fred Darling, with his sixth.

The second day's proceedings, on the Wednesday, began with a sale in the Park Paddocks of yearlings and horses in training. Once again this auction afforded a grand example of the optimism of the bloodstock world. The yearlings, it is true, made little money, and they were a poor lot. Top price was the 300gs. which Captain Ingram gave for a bay filly of fine quality, by Manna from Tiffin's dam, Dawn-wind. Naturally, on her near relationship to this unbeaten winner of eight races worth £16,516, she was a bargain purchase even if she never races ; at ten times her cost she would have been cheap. Captain Ingram evidently had her paddock value in mind. With others which he has bought recently she will later on form a sound foundation for his new breeding establishment at Bletchley. Second best price among the youngsters was the 250gs. which Mr. Jack Clayton, presumably buying for Sir Victor Sassoon, disbursed for a dark brown, upstanding filly by Cameronian out of Cradle Song, a Hurry On mare that descends from Cicero's dam, Gas. Here was another bargain bought with an eye to the future. What gave ground for optimism was the list of prices fetched by horses in training. Early on, Jacopo's son, Sansalvo, who won the Allington Stakes, found a new owner in Mr. Robson at 720gs. Mr. John Beary, brother to the famous jockey, went to 700gs. to obtain the Richemont Stakes victor, Tolman, who claims Tolgus as his sire

and Mandoline as his dam. Soon afterwards Sir Alfred Butt, Captain Storey, Mr. Livock and Mr. Sam Armstrong were all interested in the American-bred two year old, Caxton, who is by Hyperion's half-brother, Sickle, from Esmeralda, a daughter of the French Derby winner, Alcantara II. A winner of the Exeter Stakes at Newmarket, Caxton was put in at a low figure ; a bid of a thousand was soon forthcoming. At 1,650gs. Mr. Armstrong was announced as the new owner, and will in future train him at Middleham. A lot or two later, Mr. T. Hall, who trains at Tadcaster, gave 1,000gs. for the four year old gelding, Inscribe ; the

Irish Agricultural Department disbursed 510gs. for Brumeaux's son, Turbulent, and Sir Victor Sassoon 530gs. for Mr. Jinks' two year old son, Ginger Dick. Then came the sensation with the sale of Seaway, a lengthy bay filly of beautiful quality. She is a daughter of the St. Leger winner, Fairway ; her dam, Cachalot, is by Hurry On, and, like Harpagon and other winners, is from Harpoon. Seaway is already the winner of the Chesterfield Stakes and the Cheveley Park Stakes at Newmarket. Mr. Gerald Deane from the rostrum appealed for an offer ; Mr. James A. de Rothschild obliged with one of 3,000gs. Captain Percy Whitaker increased this to 3,500gs. Lord Glanely and Mr. Purcell, bidding for Miss Paget, then entered the fray ; the earlier bidders gracefully retired ; two catalogues on opposite sides of the ring flicked the price up to five thousand, and on without a halt to eight thousand. At this

point Mr. Purcell withdrew, and at 8,100gs. Lord Glanely was successful. So Seaway joins the huge string which Mr. Basil Jarvis takes over on the retirement of Captain Hogg.

The afternoon of the same day saw the Cesarewitch and the win of another Frenchman with bottom weight. Surely this repetition of what happened in the Cambridgeshire calls for some revision. English horses are debarred from all French races save the Grand Prix ; French horses can run here with imposts which even their owners could not improve on. Charity, we are told, begins at home ; and the Jockey Club, if it had a mind to, could help home trainers considerably over this question. Be that as it may, Contrevent won easily for his owner, the Princesse de Faucigny-Lucinge. A three year old by Teddy's grandson, Deiri, he is a short-legged, compact colt of substance. His dam, Persian Princess, is of English origin, for her sire was McKinley, and her dam, Sisaga, a daughter of Sunflower II (Sundridge) that was bred by Mr. J. B. Joel and came from Fair Lassie, she by Orme from the 1,000 Guineas and Oaks victress, Our Lassie, who, like the St. Leger winner, Your Majesty, was out of Yours. Sisaga was exported to America as a yearling, and was sent to France in 1919. Also on Wednesday's card was the Moulton Stakes. Good youngsters have won this in the past ; last week's winner, Spot the Winner, comes in this category. His sire, Loanningdale, is a successful stallion ; his dam, Tetrill, from which he gets his colour, is a Tetratema mare that is out of Lake Van, a daughter of Lemberg that has also bred Melanin. Mr. Rex Cohen bred Spot the Winner, and sold him as a foal, with his dam, to Sir Abe Bailey for 1,550gs.

Thursday's programme was chiefly concerned with the Champion Stakes and the Dewhurst Stakes. The former attracted to the post the 1,000 Guineas and Oaks winner, Rockfel ; the 2,000 Guineas and Eclipse Stakes victor, Pasch ; the French-bred L'Ouragan III ; Ramtapa, and Portmarnock. The easy win of Felstead's daughter, Rockfel, proved beyond a doubt that she is the best of her age that has raced this season. It is a thousand pities that she was not entered for either the Derby or the St. Leger. So little was thought of her by her owner and trainer as a youngster, that she made her début on a racecourse in a selling race at Sandown Park. She is now one of the most valuable properties on the racecourse.

The Dewhurst Stakes brought out but four of the original entry of one hundred and three. Casanova and Bellman were the most fancied, and finished in that order with but a head between them.

Next week's racing is at Liverpool, and after Rockfel's race at Newmarket, La Li, a grey Blenheim filly, seems sure to run prominently in the Liverpool St. Leger. Early in the season she ran Solar Flower close at level weights. Solar Flower and Rockfel are old rivals. Rockfel is the better, but La Li has neither one nor the other to meet. The Grand Sefton Steeplechase is another feature of the meeting ; we may suggest Don Bradman as the winner. For the Liverpool Cup a note should be made of Mr. J. A. Dewar's Huxley.

ROYSTON.



W. A. Rouch
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Illustrated publications and details of "Winter" fares are obtainable from the Travel Bureau, South Africa House, London, W.C.2, or accredited agencies.

SOUTH AFRICA

THE ESTATE MARKET

EXECUTORS' SALES AND OFFERS

IN the last year or two the most marked feature of the open market in urban property has been that the best opportunities for the investor have been presented through auctions on behalf of executors. A similar tendency as regards country residential property has not been seen, the reason being the difference of type, and therefore of appeal, between the two classes of real estate. The holder of sound urban property has not willingly parted with his holdings, simply because no alternative investment could, as a rule, offer him an equivalent rate of interest. Only when executors and trustees were under an obligation to wind up estates were certain types of property likely to come under the hammer. Many factors, besides the actual monetary yield, operate in the case of country residential properties. There are all sorts of personal reasons for parting with one property and purchasing or taking on a tenancy of another, and the question of a net return on the purchase money is by no means the only consideration.

WINDING UP ESTATES

HEACHAM HALL, near Hunstanton, and 230 acres have been sold under the hammer of Mr. Norman J. Hodgkinson (Messrs. Bidwell and Sons) at King's Lynn, for £12,250. This completes the realisation of an extensive estate by order of the executors of Colonel C. E. Strachan. That the Hall was in the market was announced in COUNTRY LIFE in August, and the auction would have been held in September but for the events of the closing days of that month. Many enquiries for particulars of the property were received from the United States, as it was from Heacham that John Rolfe went forth to Virginia early in the seventeenth century. He married Princess Pocahontas, the beautiful daughter of the Chief, and brought her to England. Her tomb, dated 1617, is in Gravesend Church.

The executors of Lord Marks invite offers for his choice house at Branksome Park called Cerne Abbas, which stands in 5 acres of gardens partly laid out in the Japanese style. Messrs. Fox and Sons are the agents.

Commander F. W. Belt's executors have asked Messrs. Gordon Prior and Goodwin to dispose of Mill Court and 234 acres, on the Wey at Alton. The stone house is of the Regency period, and there is trout fishing for nearly a mile.

WILLIAM AND MARY HOUSES

LADBROKE HALL, in a park of 100 acres, has been sold by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley to a client of Messrs. Jackson Stops and Staff. The whole estate extends to 120 acres, and the William and Mary house is well placed for meets of the Warwickshire, North Warwickshire, Bicester, and the Pytchley. There is a kitchen garden of 2 acres adjoining the grounds. Old pine panelling, the oak staircase, and at least one Adam mantelpiece are notable adornments of the Hall.

Another William and Mary house, Digges Court, once part of the vast estate of the Tuftons, between Ashford and Canterbury, is to be let or sold by Messrs. Alfred J. Burrows, Clements, Winch and Sons. The firm has sold the Elizabethan house and 252 acres of Goteley Manor Farm, Northiam, with a basic hop quota of 100cwt; with Messrs. Dyer and Overton, they have also sold 280 acres of Court Lodge estate, at Udimore. The sale of Bargains Hill, a fruit farm of 70 acres, at Rodmersham, is announced.

The Cotswold Bruderhof, which has a settlement near Cirencester, has bought two

of the lots (Nos. 1 and 2) of Oaksey Park, in the heart of the V.W.H. country. Messrs. Jackson Stops and Staff and Messrs. R. C. Knight and Sons effected the sale. Oaksey Manor is said to have been a hunting-box of Henry VIII.

A mediæval house, near Thame, named Notley Abbey, after the religious establishment

modern seaside residence, adapted from a Victorian original, is to be let or sold by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley, with over 12 acres, commanding a grand view of the sea. It was described and illustrated in COUNTRY LIFE (Vol. LVI, pages 992 and 1032). The valuable contents of Encombe have just been sold by the firm.

PRINCE'S GATE

LOOKING at the many elaborate and very well printed descriptive pamphlets about new blocks of flats, it would not seem easy to strike a new note in that class of publication. But Mr. F. Egonniere (Messrs. Ethell and Partners) has done so, on behalf of the owner of the palatial block known as "Number Sixty Prince's Gate." The apostrophe before the "s"—though in opposition to a recent edict of the authorities, who have ruled that it is "Princes," not "Prince's," Gate—is strictly correct, for it is the Prince Consort who is commemorated in the name.

The pamphlet which has been issued by Messrs. Ethell and Partners is very charmingly illustrated with water-colours by Mr. Henry Rushbury, R.A. The architects, Messrs. Adie, Button and Partners, have so planned the block that there are entertaining rooms that can accommodate fifty or sixty—perhaps this ought to be "sixty"—guests, and yet, for ordinary occasions, a couple of servants can do all the necessary work of one of the flats. An air-raid shelter has been provided, and great care has been taken to insulate each flat against sound. Lifts and garages are provided, and every modern idea that is worth while has been embodied in the elegant structure.

FUTURE OF DROPMORE

THE agents, Messrs. Farebrother, Ellis and Co., request us to state that reports which have appeared in certain quarters, to the effect that Dropmore is to be preserved in perpetuity as an open space, are inaccurate. (Cliveden and Lord Desborough's Taplow estate were mentioned as other estates to be similarly preserved.) As a matter of fact, a town-planning agreement, entered into in 1934, enables the owners of Dropmore to develop it on certain lines, subject only to a limitation as to the number of houses to the acre, and it is not "an open space for ever." Owing to the death of Mr. Fortescue, the trustees wish to sell Dropmore, as announced in these pages on September 3rd.

A long list of sales effected by Messrs. Harrods Estate Offices includes many country houses, ranging from an acre to 20 acres, and a considerable number in conjunction with other firms in London and the country.

Sir George L. T. G. Meyrick, Bt., has sold Upper Nutwell House and 34 acres, at Lympstone, near Exmouth. The house and grounds were sold before the auction, at which Messrs. Fox and Sons submitted the rest of the land in lots, every one of which was sold; a field of 10 acres of arable realised £700 out of a total of £3,345.

Sydenham House, in the valley of the Lyd, a few miles from Tavistock, an Elizabethan house on an E-shaped plan, was acquired by the Tremayne family as long ago as the year 1685. It has well preserved oak panelling, a carved oak staircase, a priest's hiding-place, and other prized old features, and it stands in grounds bounded by the Lyd. A client of Messrs. Osborn and Mercer has purchased the property, and they state that there need be no further fear of the demolition of the house, as the buyer intends to live in it.

ARBITER.



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Antique Mahogany Double Corner Cupboard with original panelled doors. The interior is fitted as a china rack. Period circa 1750.



A Rare Antique Walnut Bureau and Bookcase of William and Mary period. Circa 1695. The interior is attractively fitted and the whole piece is in pristine condition. Length 3 feet 3 inches.

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Fine Antique Chippendale Mahogany Folding-leaf Table on beautifully carved cabriole legs with ball and claw feet. Period circa 1765.



Extremely fine antique Hepplewhite mahogany Secretaire Chest with original astragal doored Cabinet above. It is of very high quality, and has a particularly finely fretted cornice. Length 4 feet, height 8 feet 9 inches.



Fine Antique Hepplewhite Mahogany Settee in splendid original preservation. Period circa 1780.

ELECTRICITY in the COUNTRY HOUSE

XVII.—EMERGENCY LIGHTING SUPPLY

THE events of the last few weeks have resulted in many enquiries from country-house owners as to what precautions can be taken to provide an emergency supply of electricity should the public supply fail or be cut off in time of war. It must be admitted that, with our present system of overhead lines for the transmission of electric power from point to point there would be a likelihood of at least temporary interruption if enemy aircraft succeeded in penetrating to any extent. The country house is, perhaps, more likely to be cut off than the town residence, especially if it is situated in an area where air attack is probable. Although one does not wish to exaggerate the possible dangers, we must face the fact that a whole area might be disconnected from the supply for some length of time, and the provision of some form of alternative supply is, therefore, an important one.

The installation of an emergency supply is not, of course, essentially a war-time precaution, for there are still occasions when the public supply fails for a short time, although this is of such infrequent occurrence that most people do not feel the need to guard against it.

There are two main methods of providing an emergency supply—by installing a small generating set or by using an emergency battery. The latter system has reached a high stage of perfection since it has been used for emergency lighting in hospitals, theatres, and other buildings where sudden darkness is dangerous. In these cases a limited number of essential lights automatically come into operation as soon as the supply fails for any reason whatever.

It is important to differentiate between an emergency supply which will supply all the needs of a house with a fair amount of electrical equipment and one which will supply only part of the lighting. To provide sufficient lighting to enable the usual routine of a household to continue does not involve a very expensive or complicated plant, and it is this kind of provision which is being installed generally in country houses to-day.

If it is desirable to provide for such items as electric cookers and heating apparatus, this can of course be done, but it involves the installation of a large generating plant, which could be used for permanently supplying the whole of the electricity. Although this is costly, it is not exceptional, and there are many instances where plants of this kind are already installed. A typical large country house, which has a fair amount of electrical equipment, has a Diesel-electric plant which will supply the cookers and other apparatus in addition to the lighting. The operation is entirely automatic, and there is only one or two minutes' delay should the public supply fail. Although this emergency plant has not been required very often, it has operated most successfully when it has been brought into use.

A small generating plant for use in case of emergency has the advantage that it will continue to operate for as long as it is required. For most country houses, a small plant giving from three-quarters to two kilowatts will be sufficient to maintain quite a comfortable amount of lighting. A small $\frac{3}{4}$ -kilowatt plant will supply eighteen to twenty lamps of 40-watt size all in use at one time.

The small sets used for this purpose run on petrol, but the larger units are usually Diesel engines running on crude oil or fuel oil. The petrol engine is still cheaper in first cost, but dearer as regards running cost. This is not very important in a set used as a stand-by, especially if it is a small one. For the larger sets, approaching 2 kilowatts and over, the Diesel engine is to be preferred.

When it is considered desirable, these plants can be arranged for fully automatic operation. This means that as soon as the supply fails the engine is started up and the emergency supply comes into use. For a country house this is not really necessary, so long as the plant is arranged so that it can be started by a push-button.

It is advisable to arrange the wiring so that only the important lights are connected to the emergency supply, and this can be done either by having a separate emergency wiring system or by suitable switches at the distribution board. Any reputable electrical contractor can make these arrangements without much alteration to the existing wiring.

One point worth consideration in connection with the use of a small generating set as a standby is that, when the supply is normally alternating current (A.C.), it may be worth while to have the emergency supply also A.C. Sets permitting of this are available, and if the same voltage is used there is the advantage that all-mains radio can still be used as well as refrigerators and other items not requiring too much power.

The use of a battery forms a very satisfactory alternative method which is always entirely automatic. With a battery it is usual to supply a limited number of lamps, generally of lower voltage and worked from a separate circuit. As soon as the supply fails, this emergency circuit comes into operation, and will continue for a time, depending on the size of the battery. For a country house a limited amount of lighting could be provided for about a week with an ordinary installation. The battery is automatically kept charged from the mains by means of a trickle-charger, and the only attention required is a periodical examination of the cells to see that they are keeping in good condition. The battery installation, if a small one, will probably be

cheaper than a generating set, although the former will not give a continuous supply if the mains are permanently "dead" for any reason. For public buildings and institutions the battery system has proved most successful, since immediate lighting of a temporary nature is all that is usually required.

As there may be considerable delay before the interrupted supply can be resumed in war-time, the manufacturers of these battery emergency lighting sets are now arranging for them to be fitted in conjunction with a small generating set which will re-charge the batteries when they cannot be charged from the mains. This arrangement, which is naturally rather more complicated than a simple emergency generator or battery, forms an ideal supply for all contingencies. The battery comes into operation instantaneously, and the generator is there to ensure further supply as required. It is, however, too expensive for the ordinary country house.

If an automatic installation is required mainly for A.R.P. purposes, the wiring can be arranged so that the lights at important points are immediately connected. These should include passages and stairways and, of course, any rooms or structures which have been specially equipped as air-raid shelters. With this point

of view in mind, the emergency plant, whether a generating set or a battery, should be protected as much as possible. It might be well worth while to construct a small underground space where it could be installed. Care must be taken that this is properly drained and protected from weather and frost.

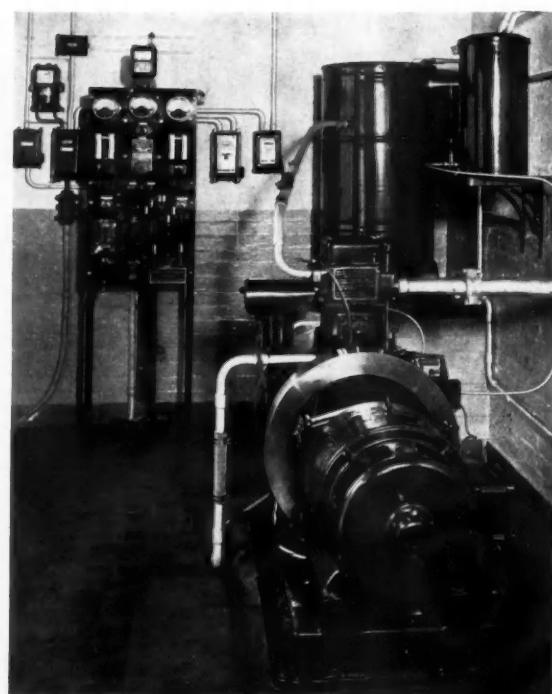
Readers of COUNTRY LIFE may express surprise that our main electricity transmission lines and distributing stations are mainly overhead and thus very liable to damage due to air attack. As lovers of the country they no doubt objected to the disfigurement of the countryside by these cables and their supports; but at the time they were installed it was the only practical method of obtaining a much wider distribution of electricity.

Even with the short distances which obtain in this country a high voltage is needed, and a basic voltage of 120,000 volts was considered necessary. It was then, and is now to a lesser degree, very difficult to construct underground cables for this voltage, and the cost would have been several times as great. Whether, in the near future, a change-over will be made with a view to safety in time of war remains to be seen. In any case it would be a matter of several years.

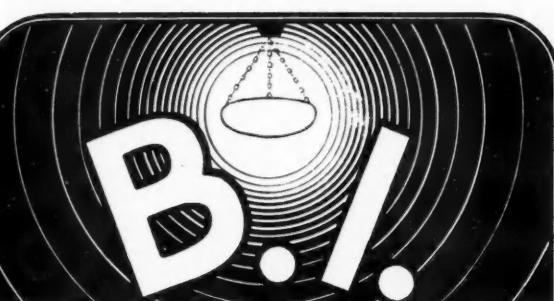
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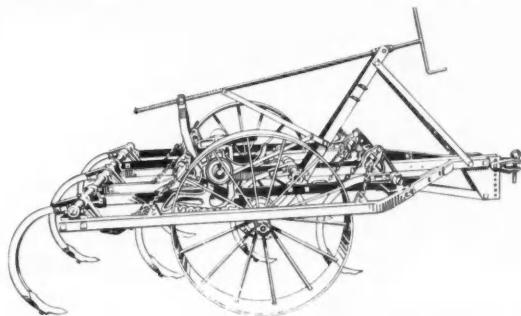
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GREAT NEW Double-Chance CARD GAME



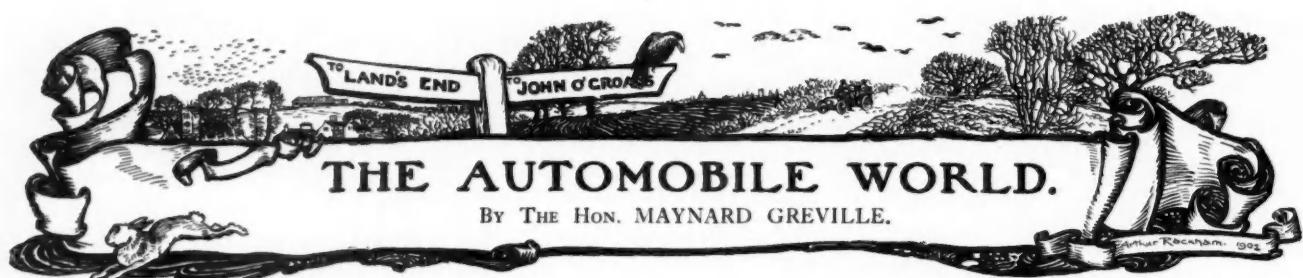
This new Card Game can be played by all—it appeals to old and young alike. One of its novelties is its football flavour, but you need not know anything about football itself to be able to play SOCCER and win! It's new—it's bright—it's skilful but easy!

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A WADDINGTON
GAME—IT'S GOOD





THE TAPLEY PERFORMANCE METER

MANY years ago—in fact, so many that I am not quite certain of the date, but I do know that it was before 1924—I went down to Totton, near Southampton, to hear about, and try, an instrument known as the Tapley Performance Meter. The firm of Tapley and Co. were well known as precision instrument-makers, and in a motoring capacity they were also known for their gradient meters.

The Performance Meter was, however, something entirely new, and I was so impressed with it that ever since then I have been using it on all the cars I test for COUNTRY LIFE, and also my own or other cars that have been brought along to test from time to time. For many years, also, I have been giving the maximum pull figures from the meter in the car tests in COUNTRY LIFE, as I believe that this figure is really of value in giving an idea of the performance of the car. So far as my own car is concerned, I know that the performance meter will tell me more about its condition in a few moments than hours spent with stop-watch and speedometer.

Incidentally, the durability of these meters is illustrated by my own, as it has been on thousands of cars in the last sixteen years and has only been back to the works once to be brought up to date and to have certain adjustments made.

Tapley and Co. are now marketing a smaller meter for fixing permanently to a car which can be obtained at quite a low cost. In my own case the large detachable meter is a necessity, as I have to move it from car to car.

When the meter is permanently fitted on your own car, it is possible to keep an absolute check on the performance. We all know that the performance of a car tends to deteriorate so gradually that we hardly notice it, but the meter will show at once any small reduction in the pulling power.

The principle on which it works is quite simple. It consists of a pendulum which will always take up a position pointing towards the centre of the earth. When this pendulum is carried in a vehicle which can be made to move, it behaves in a curious manner. When a force is exerted on that vehicle and it is accelerated, the pendulum tends to lag behind, and the amount that it lags will depend on the rate of acceleration, or, what amounts to the same thing, the pull that is causing that acceleration. When, for instance, a vehicle has attained its maximum speed, the whole power of the engine has been absorbed in overcoming tractive resistance, and the pendulum will be undisturbed and so indicate "0" on the performance meter. Directly the speed of the vehicle is altered, however, a force has to be applied to it, whether it is the force exerted

by the engine to increase the speed, or by the brakes to reduce it. This force is registered on the performance meter. In the case of the large instrument, the left-hand scale shows the pull in pounds per ton, while the right-hand scale shows the gradient this pull would enable the vehicle to climb at a steady speed.

Now let us see what we can do with these figures. In the first place, we can use it for our own amusement and instruction. What is known as the "Q" figure is actually the maximum pull in pounds per ton that a car can exert when climbing a gradient on top gear. This figure can be compared from week to week or when

we have any suspicion that the engine is slightly off colour or the transmission transmitting in an inefficient manner. Any slight defect will at once be noticed on the performance meter.

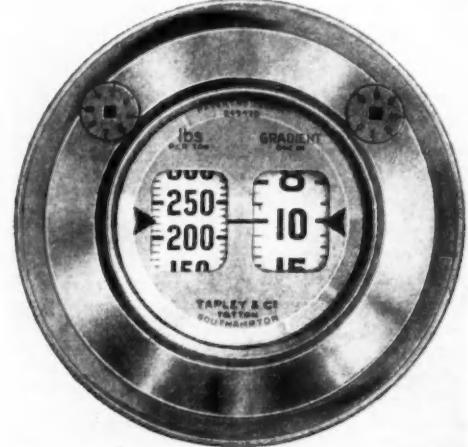
The pull exerted on a level road when accelerating will be found on most cars to be about 10 per cent. less than the maximum on a hill. Tapley and Co. have calculated the "Q" figure for normal cars, which they issue in a small booklet and which is useful for purposes of comparison. Incidentally, the highest pull on top gear is usually shown at between 20 and 30 m.p.h., and in classing the performance of a car it is advisable to note

the speed at which the highest pulling power is exerted. Thus a "Q" figure of 180lb. per ton at 30 m.p.h. is a more meritorious performance than a similar figure at 20 m.p.h. In the case of sports cars of high performance, it will be found that the "Q" figure is registered very high up in the speed range, though this maximum pull may not actually be very high.

Another interesting adjunct to the performance meter is the normal performance calculator, which can be obtained from Tapley and Co. It has been found that by taking the B.H.P. curves of a large number of modern engines, the horse-power developed at the road wheels of a four-stroke petrol-engined vehicle averages 1 b.h.p. per 100 c.c. capacity at 1,500 r.p.m. when on direct drive, or top gear. In the case of heavy oil engines the power developed per cubic centimetre is slightly less. The other main factors which affect a vehicle's maximum pull are the gear ratio, the diameter of the driving wheels, and the weight. If these data and the cubic capacity are known, the maximum pull of any vehicle and the speed at which it will be developed can be calculated. The normal-performance calculator can be used to avoid the necessity of making individual calculations.

Practically every factor of importance in the performance of any vehicle can be checked by a performance meter and speedometer, while the time used in getting the essential information is reduced to a few minutes. Tractive resistance is taken, for instance, by driving the vehicle along an approximately level road at from 15 to 20 m.p.h. on top gear and then declutching and allowing the vehicle to slow down, the resistance being read from the performance meter when the vehicle is doing about 10 m.p.h. I find that a reading of between 30lb. and 40lb. per ton is normal for most vehicles, and if it is as high as 50lb. per ton something is wrong. Incidentally, in cold weather the resistance of various lubricants when cold and hot can be compared in this way.

A check on the timed figures for maximum speed may also be made with the meter.



THE DIAL OF THE TAPLEY PERFORMANCE METER. The figures on the left are the pull in lbs. per ton and those on the right are the gradient that the car would climb at a steady speed



THE WRITER'S TAPLEY METER FIXED TO THE INSTRUMENT BOARD OF A TALBOT TEN

NEW HIGH PERFORMANCE ENGINE FOR THE DAIMLER 'FIFTEEN'

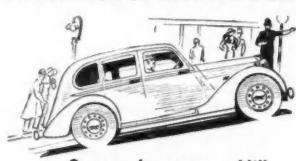
Delightful
liveliness
through whole
speed range

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Again the most interesting car of the year

THE DIFFERENCE OF DRIVING A DAIMLER



Stop and restart on Hill

ORDINARY CAR CONTROL—Car climbing in second gear. Driver de-clutches, puts on hand brake. Car stops. Driver moves gear lever into neutral, lets up clutch. De-clutches, moves lever into first; then accelerates engine, eases up clutch and eases off hand brake all simultaneously. Has to balance all three movements skilfully to make clean start.

DAIMLER FLUID FLYWHEEL—Daimler climbing in second. Driver brakes. Car stops with engine running in second gear—and holding car stationary through Fluid Flywheel. Driver accelerates engine. Daimler moves forward. Hand brake untouched throughout. No judgment needed. Two things to do instead of nine.

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THE LAND OF THE PHARAOHS

FROM the moment he catches his first glimpse of Alexandria's turrets and palaces rising from the surrounding golden sands to the cloudless sky above, the visitor to Egypt begins to realise that his holiday in Egypt will form a memory for the rest of his life.

Nowhere better does the romance of the Orient blend with the comforts of the West as in this sun-blessed land, where, at the crossways of Europe, Asia and Africa, the world's most ancient history lives side by side with the progress of the twentieth century.

Visiting Germany without going to Berlin, France without seeing Paris, or Italy without touching Rome, is often done. But to visit Egypt without including Cairo and the Nile is as good as impossible. Cairo itself, city of the Caliphs, is a theatre of ever-varying scenes, to watch which no front-row stall could be better than the seats on the broad hotel terraces on the colourful streets.

Before the spectator's eyes smart visitors from Piccadilly and Fifth Avenue elbow their way past veiled Arab women, beggars, dragomans and guides. Young English officers from the Guards regiments stationed out here stop to greet some elegant Egyptian bey and thank him for some recent hospitality or generosity. A fat pasha in a shining limousine throws coins to a street juggler. Water-pedlars with their brass cups, Arabs from the desert in their burnous, mounted police on beautiful Arab thoroughbreds, carpet-sellers with their wares—all play their parts in the picture of Cairo's life.

Living in the aristocratic, comfortable seclusion of the Semiramis or the tourist bustle of Shepherd's Hotel, you will certainly be told to visit Cairo's native quarters, *bazaars* and mosques. But El Azhar, the Moslem university; the Citadel (now a military fort) built by Sultan Saladin in the days of the Crusades; and the Cairo Museum, with treasures beyond price from the tombs and pyramids, should not be

omitted. Of the pyramids themselves, and of the Sphinx, much has been written and said, yet so indescribable in their effect are they that only one word need be added: for your first visit, go alone, or with a friend, at sunset, or by moonlight. Thus only will you be able fully to enjoy your first impression and avoid having it turned into a disappointment, as often happens, by the jarring presence of guides and tourists.

Apart from the endless possibilities of sight-seeing by day, and night-life of as Oriental or Broadway-like character as you choose, recreation is well provided for. The Gezira Country Club is probably the best in the world. This lovely island in the Nile, a few minutes from the centre of Cairo, contains thirty-five tennis courts, bowling, croquet, cricket and polo grounds, golf, a swimming pool and a race track—also one of the best cocktail bars in Egypt. While tennis and cocktails can be found all over Cairo, strangers often do not know that there are three good desert golf courses of eighteen holes round Cairo, including one at Helwan, the spa of Egypt. Alexandria has two grass courses, and Mena House a nine-hole sporting course.

Horse-lovers are in their element in Egypt. The animals are extremely high-class, livery stabling cheap. Riding in the desert is a revelation . . . but don't let your horse bolt. Race-goers will find frequent meetings throughout the season at Cairo (Heliopolis and Gezira) and Alexandria. King Farouk's Royal stables often



SAILING AT ALEXANDRIA

have horses running, and the settings of the courses, particularly at Gezira, are, without doubt, among the loveliest in the world.

For the motorist, too, there is ample choice. The road along the Suez Canal is a good way to see Egypt. To reach it you pass through the rich cotton, maize and date plantations of the delta, the Biblical Land of Goshen surrounded by desert, and the garden-city of Ismailia. Another drive which can be recommended is to the seaside resort of Mersa Matruh, with Roman remains. Or you may be attracted to the Oases of Siwa, Bahariya, Farafra, or Dakhla. If you get a permit, the drive through the heart of the desert to Kharga, the Great Oasis in Upper Egypt, will soon show you why the natives call their sandy wastes the Dry Sea. Romantic it may be for a moonlight picnic from Cairo, or even to sleep (for a moderate fee) in the Sheik's camp in the sand-hills outside Wadi Halfa. But woe betide those who venture far into the Dry Sea without a guide or an accompanying car. Another good road will take you to the Fayoum Oasis—unless you prefer to cover the journey, as I did, on a camel.

If you can tear yourself away from the whirl of Cairo's hospitality and fun, you will do well not to leave before visiting Upper Egypt. You will never forget the peace and beauty of those days, sunsets and nights spent on Cook's luxurious river steamers, watching the life of present-day Egypt on either bank, unchanged over thousands of years. You are taken without hurry past Luxor to Aswan, or Wadi Halfa, if you have time. On the 600-mile route the boat pauses to let you go ashore and see the wonderful temples and tombs which testify to the greatness and wealth of the ancient Egyptians. The journey takes ten days. If you are in a hurry to get back to Cairo, it will take an over-night run in the luxury sleeping-car train, or barely four hours by plane. Flying in Egypt being easier and safer than almost anywhere else in the world, there is no better way of viewing the waves of the desert billowing to the horizon, and realising how insignificant is the portion of Egypt held by man on either side of that strip of ribbon, the Nile.

Of the many easy ways of reaching Egypt, the most usual and convenient is overland to Marseilles and thence to Alexandria; or by air from Southampton. This year Cook's 80-guinea thirty-day trip, London-Marseilles-Cairo-Aswan and back, is likely to prove extremely welcome to those who, with but limited time at their disposal, do not wish to let another winter slip by without visiting that country of the Pharaohs, the Arab name for which means "Fortunate Land." A. MOURAVIEFF.



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RAMBLER ROSES

THOUGH the rose is probably the most popular climbing plant we have for the decoration of arch, trellis, pergola and wall, it is, paradoxically enough, not a climber at all, in the strict sense of the term. It lacks the tendrils possessed by many climbers, like the clematis and honeysuckles, by which they attach themselves to their support, and also the stem roots and adhesive discs of the ivies and the Virginia creeper. They require to be nailed or tied to the support they are to furnish, unless they are provided with an old shrub or tree as support, when their vigorous growths can gain a secure hold by means of their thorns. The well known American Pillar, for example, does well in this way, and makes a splendid decoration for an old fruit tree that has long ceased to fulfil its original function. But only the most vigorous ramblers can be trusted to do without artificial support, and, generally speaking, they are all the better for a tie or two; otherwise they are apt to become too straggly in habit.

The many virtues of the rambler rose, however, far exceed their one drawback of having to be tied in, and, as ornamental climbers for almost every position, there are few other plants to compare with them. Not only do they provide a variety of form, luxuriance of blossom and plenty of colour, but they afford a fairly long season of flower. Unfortunately, they do not add the merit of being evergreen to their many other admirable qualities; but there are one or two of them, like the double yellow Emily Gray and the single yellow Jersey Beauty, that retain the greater part of their foliage in a mild winter. Though not a rambler, the lovely Mermaid, with large, pale sulphur yellow, single roses is another very fine variety—perhaps the best of all climbing roses—that possesses handsome foliage which remains green through most of the winter.

Many of the climbing forms of hybrid teas, and others like Allen Chandler, are excellent for draping a pillar, but they are hardly vigorous enough to cover an arch or pergola, nor are their blossoms produced in such graceful pendulous clusters as the Wichuriana varieties and their hybrids, which are the best for the purpose. There is now ample choice among the vigorous-growing ramblers descended from the white-flowered Rosa Wichuriana, and, with a judicious selection, the gardener can enjoy a long season of rose bloom from early in June until well into August. Some, of which the well known Dorothy Perkins is the type, give large clusters of small blossoms; others, like the newer clear bright rosy pink Mary Wallace, have smaller trusses composed of quite large semi-double blooms, and are most decorative either on an arch, pergola or wall.

In furnishing a pergola, or any large trellis-work or screen, it is always as well to plant an early and late variety alternately so as to ensure a long flowering period; and if, at the same time, care is taken to choose those kinds with good and persistent foliage, the framework will be well covered in the late autumn as well as in the summer. Of the bunch-flowered varieties that are excellent for pergola, trellis or arch, no one will go far wrong with Sander's White, which is at its best about mid-June; the blush pink Lady Godiva, which comes in mid-July; the well known American Pillar, for a week or two earlier; the crimson Excelsa; Dorothy Perkins and its close cousin, Minnehaha, which is far superior to its more popular relative and flowers about the same time, at the end of July. The single Hiawatha is also good, and the same can be said of Chatillon Rambler, whose only drawback is its liability to mildew badly in some



WICHURAIANA ROSES FURNISHING A STEEP SLOPING BANK

places; and the pure white Snowflake, usually in its full glory early in July. The single wild rose pink Evangeline, which comes into bloom generally about mid-July, should also have a place, as much for its vigorous growth and freedom of blossom as for its wonderful fragrance.

Among the larger-flowered varieties there are few better than the yellow Emily Gray, which is invariably a shower of blossom in early June. It is better suited for covering a trellis than training on a pergola, for in the latter position it is inclined to become leggy, a fault not quite so apparent when it is given room to spread laterally. For the same reason, it is ideal for draping a low roof, which it will cover in a year or two, so vigorous is its growth. The yellow Gardenia keeps its company about the same time, when the creamy white Alberic Barbier is also at its best. The clear white Purity is too good to be without, for it combines handsome foliage with large and fragrant blossoms; while others of merit that deserve inclusion in any collection are Francois Juranville, Leontine Gervaise, the coral pink Thelma, and the well known Paul's Scarlet, which is more suitable for a pillar or wall than for pergola or screen, which is also true of the pale pink Mary Wallace. Descended from Paul's Scarlet, Chaplin's Pink Climber is perhaps the best variety in this group. A vigorous grower, it is as suitable for an arch or pillar as it is for draping a south or west wall; and when it is smothered in a profusion of large clusters of semi-double, warm pink blooms there are few roses to equal it in beauty. It has the virtue, too, of flowering over a long period, and this, in association with its other qualities, makes it one of the most desirable of climbing roses.

The two multiflora varieties called Tea Rambler and Tausendschoen are both first-rate ramblers for clothing an arch, and the same can also be said of the snow white musk named The Garland and the hybrid briar named Una, with large, single, creamy coloured blossoms.

Besides their use for furnishing pillars and pergolas, many of the ramblers, like Minnehaha, make excellent weeping standards that look well on a lawn; while others, especially all the more vigorous kinds, are excellent for covering a rough, steeply sloping bank. Planted along the top of the bank, their long shoots can be trained over the face, being weighted down at their ends with stones. Properly trained, and with all their old wood cut out every year, they will afford a perfect cascade of blossom in the early summer and provide an excellent furnishing for a bank that is often difficult to treat satisfactorily by other ways. The planting of roses is now a matter of immediate moment, and the sooner that the plants can be got into their places with the arrival of November the better. G. C. TAYLOR.



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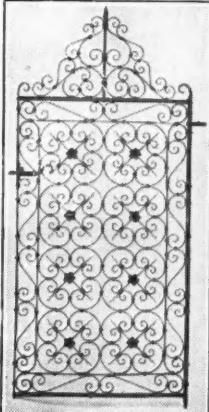
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WOMAN TO WOMAN

**COPING WITH FOG—A NATIONAL ASSET—WRITING WITH GUSTO—COSMETICS
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By THE HON. THEODORA BENSON

AT least once in the early winter, and several times most years, I go out in the morning when there is a slight mist, leaving all the windows of my flat open, and do not return for several hours after a thick fog has developed. Approaching home after a busy day out and about, dirty, slightly nauseated, eyes stinging a little, rather depressed by the curiously cheerless struggle of the light from the street lamps, I begin to look forward to the snugness of my warm, small, over-full flat, which, whatever its peculiarities of taste, is nothing if not cosy. Then, of course, I find it dank and rank with thick black lumps of fog rolling around it like the thunder in the White Queen's house in "Through the Looking-glass." I suppose the leaving the windows open all day when I am out must be from some idea about hygiene. But fog swamping in is anything but hygienic.

* * *

I DO not altogether hate the London fogs. They are dirty, they are nasty, they are inconvenient, and after each of them one learns of dismal disasters: damage to trade from transport hold-ups, private tragedies from enforced separations, loss of life. Nevertheless, there is, every now and then, a sort of charm about struggling around in one, and a line of Wordsworth's comes rather pleasantly to my mind: "Wandering about in worlds not realised." Then, in a way, I am rather proud of our fogs, because they are unique, because they are famous, because foreigners—poor, fogless things—always want to see one when they come to England for the first time.

Of course, it is ridiculous to be proud of such a pestilential infliction: as bad as being proud of muddling through. But I have heard myself say: "Oh, yes, indeed, we still have them. It is all quite true about them. They are really *most* remarkable—though we don't have the fogs now that we used to have. I wish you'd seen one of our pea-soupers when I was a child!" And, you know, foreigners do rather respect us, too, for them! Perhaps it shows character to have a capital with such a peculiar distinction—and then to be proud of it.

* * *

FOOGS have often been marvellously effective and gripping upon the cinema screen. And they have been useful properties in many thrillers. I have been trying to think, however, of any famous fogs in literature—or perhaps I mean of any fogs in famous literature. There surely must be many, since it is such a special characteristic; but I can only remember fogs in the works of Dickens. As to those—well, of course, you can almost taste them. Just as you can almost taste the meals his characters sit down to, feel the warmth of his fire-lit rooms, or the cold of numb, blue fingers. No one describes more vividly simple, every-day physical sensations. And one of the things about him that stamps him as really great is, to my mind, his gift for putting across festivity and happiness. Any writer worth anything can bring sorrow home to us; but it is a big writer who can make us "rejoice with them that do rejoice."

* * *

BEFORE I lose the subject of fog altogether—and I have strayed far from it—it comes as a big surprise to me to learn that the bane of California is thick white mist such as so often makes winter driving tiring and dangerous on our country roads. I had always supposed that the climate of California was quite perfect! To ramble back once again from fog to Dickens, it has struck me that what we greatly miss in literature now is his gusto. And it wasn't confined to him, either. I think we have a high number of very good novelists, and that the all-round standard of style, psychology, and all the rest of the job must have greatly improved. But think, for instance, of Surtees' "Mr. Sponge's Sporting Tour." It is a book about the most shabby and sordid-minded creatures, without a decent motive or a generous instinct from start to finish, and if anyone had written it to-day it would be unspeakably depressing. Instead of which it is entirely exhilarating, and the engagement of horrid Mr. Sponge to unedifying Miss Glitters is one of the most high-spirited scenes in fiction. Perhaps the truest successor to the sheer gusto of Dickens and Surtees is that of Mr. P. G. Wodehouse.

* * *

THÉ other day I went over a fine, clean, modern factory, and I was enormously impressed by the standard of good

grooming among the girls. There was quite a nice percentage of really pretty ones among them, but what impressed me was their nice, well arranged hair, curled and waved and set and regularly shampooed, and their faces still adequately made-up towards the end of the day. I am not one of those who regret that girls spend money on cosmetics and money and time at the *coiffeur's* when they are busy and hard-working and poor. For this is self-respect. Prison authorities now recognise as much by coming out in favour of prettier clothes for female prisoners and allowing them to do their hair as they wish. Making-up is the first treat young women rush to when they are liberated.

Actually the factory where I was so pleased by the pretty appearance of the girls was a cosmetic factory. A nice, compact factory, not too big to go over comfortably. I always find it fascinating to watch things being carried along on automatic belts. And there were lots of unexpected little gadgets; for instance, at the end of the machinery that wraps tubes of cold cream up in cartons and passes them on, there is a constant jet of air, strong enough, if by any accident an empty carton should get among the full ones, to blow this offender out on to the floor.

* * *

ALL the minute business of filling pots and tubes, sorting, labelling, packing, is rather fun. But I like best the big stuff. Barrels of the raw, unmixed, essential shades of powder, deep, beautiful colours before they are blended with white to complexion tones, and before they are snatched up into a hopper on the floor above to be refined through silken sieves; and the room like a model dairy, where cold cream and vanishing cream are made in huge metal containers of aluminium or stainless steel that take 800lb. of the mixture, creamy and white and looking delicious enough to eat. That is a very nice section. There are enormous metal, glass-lined bottles containing the component parts for blending the perfume for the products. (A big part of this is attar of roses, from Bulgaria's famous and beautifully named Valley of Roses. It smells delicious when added to a container of cream, and almost disagreeable when you smell the undiluted, concentrated stuff.) And there are vats of white beeswax. (That comes from Abyssinia; there are other markets it can be got from, but they consider Abyssinian beeswax the best.) And there is a big container of pure white, transparent oil, with a little foam of transparent bubbles here and there upon it. And there is a stupendous stone bottle, like a giant ginger-beer bottle, in one corner, holding I do not know what: surely not ginger beer? And the pipes carrying steam, distilled water, oil, and so on, are all painted in different colours.

And after all that fun and those intelligent questions and answers, I suppose I still do not really know how to make cold cream!

* * *

A FEW nights ago my dog had quite a grand evening. I went with a friend to the first night of "Carefree," the new Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire film. That night I had nowhere to leave Black Miles except in the cloak-room of the cinema house, so he came along too. I had forgotten about the crowd and the photographers inseparable from first nights. As Miles stepped out of the taxi, wagging his tail, there was a cheer from the crowd, and all the photographers rushed to photograph us. "What's the name, please?" they asked. My escort and I gave our names. "Oh, thank you," said the photographers, "but we meant the dog's."

Afterwards we went on to another "opening"—Douglas Byng at the Café de Paris. After a magnificent cabaret (talk about gusto, as I did a little while back!) It exhausted us all with laughter) we collected Miles from another cloakroom and took him to Mr. Byng's dressing-room, where a pleasant theatrical party was going on. Not only my escort and I, but everyone else was put in the shade. Thereafter it seemed to be Black Miles who gave the party.

My animals are always pushing ahead of me. Max, my pet binturong, or bear marten, in the Small Cat House in the Regent's Park Zoo, got on to television ahead of me, and no sooner had I caught him up and been televised than his voice was recorded for the gramophone. And now here is sweet Black Miles being such a social success. Without even trying!

THE DECORATIVE IMPORTANCE OF FURNITURE AND PAINTINGS

MR. MAURICE YATES' FLAT IN WESTMINSTER GARDENS

ONE of the chief virtues of modern decoration is that it has shown the immense decorative possibilities in the use of modern woods and new arrangements of decorative paintings. In fact, some of the most effective contemporary schemes have been those which have been created round a rare painting or an object of outstanding artistic quality.

Mr. Yates, who is a rising young architect and decorator, fully appreciates the decorative value of works of art, and his new flat in Westminster Gardens displays many interesting interpretations of this idea.

His living-room, which was originally the dining-room and sitting-room, has been thrown into one long room with windows at each end, and the key of the whole scheme are the fine old Kien Lung panels which have been fitted above the specially designed modern fireplace. These are arranged in four panels set in burnished copper, and this copper motif has been carried on in the firearms and in the fireplace equipment.

The room itself has dead white walls, with a black, highly varnished ceiling and a black carpet. A vivid note of colour has been introduced by the lacquer red curtains, and the radio-gramophone cabinet, which is also lacquered this colour. A note of rich warm reddish brown has also been introduced by using cherrywood for the built-in furniture, writing-desk and occasional tables used in this room. These were especially designed by Mr. Yates, and are finished off in ebony.

Carrying on the scheme of lacquer red, black and white, the armchairs and settee have been covered in Chinese-white ponyskin, and a modern rug in tones of cream and black has been placed in front of the white painted fireplace, which has a red brick grate.

The modern writing-desk shown in one of the illustrations is a fine example of Mr. Yates' own work. Made in cherrywood,

the details being finished off in ebony, it is an excellent example of modern design, for it combines utility with comfort. The writing-chair is upholstered in red leather to go with the rest of the scheme.

The lighting of this room is achieved by copper and frosted glass standard lamps and several reading lamps placed about the room at convenient level.

It is rare that one sees sculpture used as a decorative motif in a modern room, and this seems a pity, particularly as the use of sculpture in a modern setting is especially decorative. Mr. Yates has realised this fact, and has made use of two fine pieces of sculpture in his living-room scheme. One is a modern torso, carved in black wood by Peter MacIntyre; while an antique head and torso, originally excavated at Cumae, have been fitted on black wood pedestals and arranged on each side of the room at the break of the wall which originally divided the two rooms.

Mr. Yates' own bedroom makes effective use of built-in furniture, but he has avoided the monotony of square lines by shaping the bed, which is built-in in a curve. The wall behind the bed is panelled in ash burl wood, and the bed-fitting and dressing-table are made in the same wood, as is the stool, with an ebony finish. Except for the panelled wall, the remaining wall surfaces are painted white, and the ceiling has been painted black and highly varnished.

The windows are curtained in pale beige silk with a darker outer curtain, and the floor is covered in a black Wilton carpet, on top of which has been placed a fur rug made of white bearskin. The lighting arrangements of this room are unusual, being made in copper and frosted glass in Mr. Yates' own design, and the whole scheme is interesting as an example of strong, masculine, yet decorative, treatment.

DEREK PATMORE.



THE LIVING ROOM. KIEN LUNG PANELS ABOVE THE FIREPLACE



IN THE BEDROOM



WRITING DESK OF CHERRYWOOD

DESIGNS FOR WINTER WEDDINGS



WHAT to choose for her own and her bridesmaids' dresses is rather a problem for the winter bride. The floating and fragile dresses which one usually associates with weddings are not very appropriate or comfortable on a rainy or frosty day. It is better to plan something less romantic, though equally elegant, and look suitable to the weather as well as the occasion. "For a rather dark church, a white and silver effect, giving the idea of frost and snow, can be very effective. The bride wears a shining dress of frosty silver, and carries plumes of white lilac, their stems silvered. The bridesmaids wear panne velvet, soft and white as snow, with bands of white fur at the wrist and neck and little fur caps; they carry bouquets of Christmas roses and mistletoe (unless they are afraid their friends will be too facetious). Or the bride's dress is in stiff white brocade, prim and demure, and she carries lilies of the valley and narcissi; her bridesmaids have high-waisted Regency dresses of lilac and white striped brocade, with lace ruffles at the throat and the

wrists; their posies are violets. Or if the church is a bare and chilly-looking one, deep rich colours are more effective: for the bride, white and gold, with gold arum lilies; for the bridesmaids, golden yellow moiré, made like coats to button all down the front, with bouquets of yellow freesias and pussy willow. Or for a real Christmas wedding it would look very gay to have a bride in white velvet, with a great shower of scarlet roses; and bridesmaids in glowing scarlet velvet, with skull-caps like cardinals, and bunches of holly. The small pages in this *cortège* could wear eighteenth-century dress, scarlet coats and white breeches and red buckled shoes; they could be worn at fancy-dress parties afterwards. The wedding-gown and bridesmaid's dress on this page come from Margaret Marks. The bride's dress is in rich brocade, cut with severe simplicity; the square neckline is edged with orange blossom to match the coronet. The bridesmaid's dress is in periwinkle blue faille, with a wide ruche running down the back of the skirt and edging the hem. Her bouquet of velvet flowers in blues and pink matches her little flowery cap.



IF you are young and beautiful, and well provided with this world's wealth, you will want to be fashionable in every slightest detail. You will want, not only to be "in the fashion," but to lead it as well. "Cela va sans dire," as the French would say and in English we are compelled to add, "It is only natural!"

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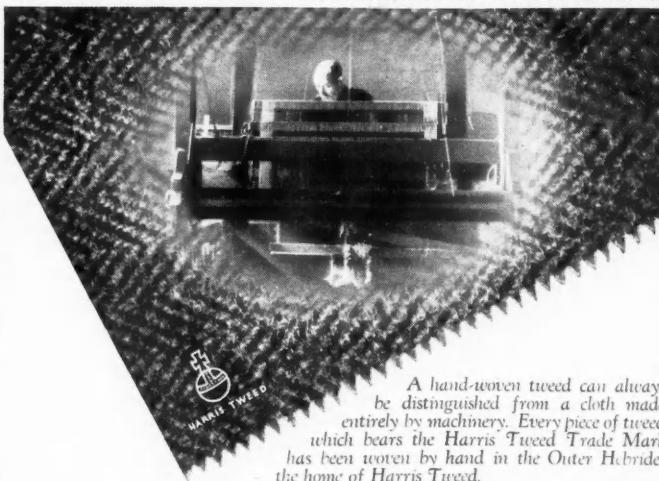
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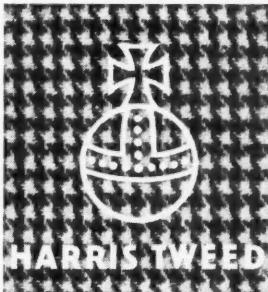
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(Top) A Jumper and Cardigan Set in lace
stitch. (Peter Robinson)
(Right) Bow-shaped pockets are a feature of
this Cashmere Jersey
(Bottom) A Waistcoat-shaped Jersey in ribbed stitch



for WINTER SUITS

If one lives in the country and wears tweed suits most of the winter, one is apt to get bored by the rather sober colours one wears all the time. Of course, there are purple and red and yellow tweeds; worn by the right person, they can look attractive as well as startling; but in actual fact most of us stick to the browns and greys and greens, and satisfy our urge for bright colours by our jerseys and blouses. One cannot have too many jerseys; there is something very satisfactory in the sight of a drawer full of neatly piled jerseys and cardigans in all the colours of the rainbow, and in varying them every day as men vary their ties. The fashion in jerseys this winter is mostly for the collarless type, with which you can wear a single string of pearls when you are indoors, and a tucked-in scarf when you go out. Some are of the waistcoat type, buttoning all down the front, others in soft cashmere or



angora are as plain and smooth-fitting as a skin. Three jerseys, all from Peter Robinson, are shown on this page; one is actually a jersey and cardigan set, in a very attractive lace stitch. The cardigan buttons at the waist; the perfectly plain jumper has a round neck which fits closely to the throat. You can have this set in lapis blue, powder blue, wine, beige, and coral pink. The waistcoat-shaped jumper, buttoning all down the front, is in a ribbed pattern, and is worn with a scarf tucked round the neck, or it could also be worn as a cardigan over a blouse with a turn-down collar. It is in wine, rust, moss green, navy blue and powder blue. The third jersey is in pure cashmere, in a very attractive shape, buttoning at the plain neck and with bows on the little breast pockets. Peter Robinson have this one in shell pink, mist blue, oatmeal and brown.

CATHARINE HAYTER.

CRUFT'S KENNEL NOTES

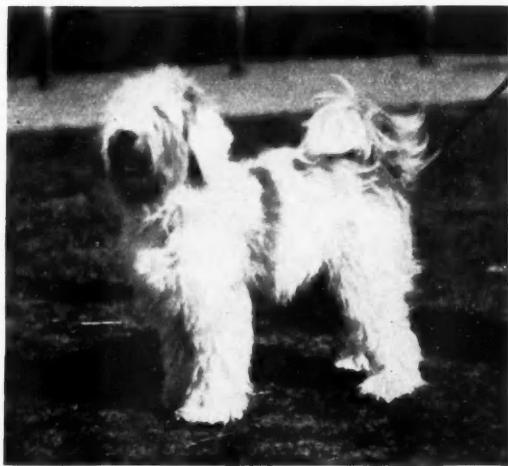
NO longer the Forbidden Land, accessible only to daring explorers who were prepared to risk their lives, Tibet is now open to anyone who cares to brave the inconveniences incidental to travelling therein. No doubt the danger entailed was an attraction, for the first Englishmen entered the country so long ago as 1774, and Thomas Manning visited Lhasa in 1811. A new era opened after Sir Francis Younghusband's expedition of 1903, and since then we have learned a great deal about this country. Before that date we had heard of the dogs that belonged to Tibet, a few of which were introduced into Great Britain by way of India. The Tibetan mastiff especially excited interest, on account of his size, reputed ferocity, and the possibility that most of our big breeds might have originated in that remote part of Asia.

Then we learnt that there were small shaggy dogs bred by the Tibetans, some of which had been exhibited in England and India for many years under the names of Lhasa terriers and Tibetan spaniels. Those of us who studied these little strangers soon came to realise that the term "Lhasa terrier" admitted of a great deal of latitude, because some were quite small with short legs, and others much taller and bigger. Surely they could not belong to the same breed. About nine years ago matters became more complicated when the Hon. Mrs. Bailey began to exhibit what were called Apsos, which, to all appearances, were identical with the Lhasa terrier, except that they were of a honey colour. There could be no doubt about the authenticity of these dogs, since Lieutenant-Colonel F. M. Bailey had been on Sir Francis Younghusband's first expedition, and after that had held official positions in Tibet. In 1924 he had the opportunity of visiting the Dalai Lama, when he obtained several of the breed. Some years after the Great War had ended we began to hear that the larger dogs, formerly exhibited as Lhasa terriers, were really another breed, the Tibetan terrier; and in 1930, in response to a request from the India Kennel Club, the Kennel Club decided to recognise this name. Later on, after the formation of the Tibetan Breeds Association, matters were straightened out. Lhasa terriers became Lhasa Apsos, the native name; Tibetan terriers and Tibetan spaniels retained their names; and, of course, no alteration was made in Tibetan mastiffs. Now we know exactly where we are, and there is no reason why progress should not be made.

After their recognition Tibetan terriers did so well that they became entitled to receive challenge certificates, and these coveted honours will be offered at Cruft's show next February, when five or six classes will be scheduled for them. The other Tibetan breeds will also have a satisfactory classification. Mrs. A. R. Greig and her daughter, Dr. Greig, Rozel, Roydon, Essex, have specialised chiefly in the Tibetan terriers, although they have Apsos and Tibetan

spaniels as well, all shown under the affixes of "Ladkok" and "Lamleh." These ladies are members of Cruft's Dog Show Society. We believe the foundation stock of the kennels was obtained by Dr. Greig when she held an appointment in India.

We are able to reproduce to-day a photograph of her Tibetan terrier, Gilgit of Lamleh, from which it will be seen that they are pleasing dogs of unusual appearance. On looking at the exhibits in the show-ring, one forms the opinion that they have quality and character, and that they have been carefully bred since their arrival here. That there are some misfits, differing to an extent from the others, is only to be expected. So there are in every breed. But, taken on the whole, they give the impression of having been bred to the standard. Mrs. Greig's Thoombay of Ladkok is always a favourite with the judges, and he received the challenge certificate at Cruft's show last February, that for bitches going to Dr.



DR. A. R. H. GREIG'S TIBETAN TERRIER
GILGIT OF LAMLEH

Greig's Kilonia of Lamleh. Mrs. Greig and Dr. Greig between them managed to exhibit fifteen on that occasion.

The standard describes the Tibetan terrier as being of medium size, in general appearance not unlike a miniature Old English sheepdog. In character they are alert, intelligent and game, not fierce or pugnacious, but unfriendly to strangers. The height of dogs is from 14ins. to 17ins. at shoulder, bitches being a little less. Colour may be white, golden, cream, grey, or smoke, black and parti-colour. It will be seen that the coat is profuse. The undercoat is like fine wool, the outer fine, but not silky or woolly, is long, either straight or waved. The body is compact and powerful, the length from point of shoulder to root of tail being equal to the height at withers. The loin is slightly arched. The skull, of medium length, is neither broad nor coarse, narrowing slightly from ear to eye. The head is well furnished with long hair falling forward over the eyes.

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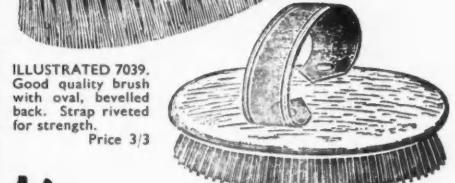
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BOOKS AND AUTHORS

(Continued from page 458)

Old Public Schools of England, by John Rodgers. (Batsford, 7s. 6d.)

THE word "old" is of importance in the title of this book, for, in order to keep his subject within the bounds of a moderately sized volume and yet give reasonable space to each school mentioned Mr. Rodgers has limited himself to those founded before the year 1800. To many people who have not considered the matter, it may come as something of a surprise that, under this rule, there are some ninety schools in England eligible for inclusion. Mr. Rodgers, who has a quick eye for human nature in its many strange guises, writes very readable, giving a short history of each school, mentioning the outstanding men and the most interesting incidents concerned with it, and tracing it from its beginning to the present day. The many illustrations are excellently reproduced from photographs, prints and drawings, and very well chosen.

Fanny Kemble : A Passionate Victorian, by Margaret Armstrong. (Macmillan, 15s.)

FANNY KEMBLE was one of the great Victorians as well as one of the great Kembles. Born in Regency days, she was a schoolgirl when the death of Byron caused her to suffer something near to heartbreak, and she outlived many of the noted figures of an age which she fascinated with her beauty and genius and exasperated with her candour. Before she was twenty Fanny had dazzled London, and given

a new lease of life to the family tradition by her performances in Shakespearean and other parts before audiences who could compare her with her aunt, Mrs. Siddons. After a short and brilliantly successful tour in America, Fanny married Pierce Butler, "one of the most eligible bachelors in Philadelphia." Like Dickens, she shocked opinion in the States by her outspoken comments; nevertheless, the Americans were captivated by her. When war broke out, although Pierce's estates were in the South, she flung herself with disconcerting vigour into the Abolitionist cause. This passionate intervention wrecked her marriage, and thenceforth Fanny divided her devotion

between her children, Shakespeare (whom she worshipped), the stage (which she detested), and her unappreciated literary ambitions. Margaret Armstrong has drawn a fascinating portrait of the being compact of genius, charm, contradictions, and intellectual honesty that was Fanny Kemble. Her biography is at once an intensely moving story and a vivid picture from many new angles of a great actress and the times in which she lived. **PHYLLIS MEGROZ.**

John Gay, by Phœbe Fenwick Gaye. (Collins, 18s.)

THE publishers say that Miss Gaye has set out to provide the standard work on her subject, but she does not appear to have done much original research or to have had access to any fresh material, and she does not even supply us with a bibliography. Instead of a standard work for the use of scholars, she has given the general reader a lively, intelligent, if over-long account of a writer who was remarkable for his charm rather than for his genius. In spite of the extraordinary success of "The Beggar's Opera," Gay remains a character who is famous chiefly for the sake of his famous friends. Swift, Pope and Gay formed a triumvirate and the greatest of these was certainly not Gay; yet it was his humour, his simplicity, and his kindness of heart that cemented the strange, three-cornered friendship, providing a link of common humanity between the sardonic that was Swift and the satiric that was



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Pope. The account of the friendship is the most interesting thing in the book, and a charming story it makes; but many of the details recorded about the three friends are very small beer indeed. "Trivia" were, of course, Gay's speciality, but the trivial too quickly lapses into the tedious. Miss Gaye is right in pointing out that Gay was born out of due time, a survivor from the lyric age of the seventeenth century whose best work had more in common with the songs of Herrick than with the heroic couplets of Pope. Although he could, when he wished, turn a couplet with the best or the worst of them, it is the songs from "The Beggar's Opera" that keep his memory alive, and Miss Gaye fittingly closes her book with an incident which has about it all the brief, bird-like spontaneity of 'All in the Downs,' of 'The Shepherd's Lament,' or of any of Macheath's songs." It is quoted from "The Western Antiquary," by J. R. Chanter: "Half a century after Gay's death, Incledon, the famous vocalist, visited Barnstaple and on being shown the house in which the poet had passed his early days, astonished and delighted the neighbours by breaking out into song in the open street in front of the house, and in the stillness of a bright moonlight evening, warbled several of his songs and ballads, as a tribute to Gay's memory." GINA HARWOOD.

Prince Charles Edward and the "Forty-five," by Winifred Duke. (Robert Hale, 10s. 6d.) THIS is an honest book, but not an inspired one. It is evident that Miss Duke prefers Lord George Murray to the Prince, and it is by no means clear that her choice is justifiable. Surrounded by a gang of jealous and, on the whole, rather stupid Scottish gentlemen, it was no wonder that the Prince was petulant and dejected. Indeed, such counsellors would try the patience of Job himself. The Prince certainly thought that Lord George Murray had been the prime stumbling-block, and his view was generally held to be correct. It would have been better to have titled the book "Lord George Murray and the Forty-five."

Canoe Errant on the Mississippi, by Major R. Raven-Hart. Illustrated. (Methuen, 10s. 6d.) THE title-page of Major Raven-Hart's book bears a quotation from a guide-book to the Mississippi published in 1800, to the effect that "this noble and celebrated stream, the Nile of North America, commands the wonder of the old world, while it attracts the admiration of the new." The words form an appropriate text for the author's discourse on the voyage he undertook in his collapsible canoe from Hannibal—about two hundred miles above St. Louis—to Baton Rouge, a distance of a thousand miles in all. The waters travelled by Major Raven-Hart and his young American friends are those especially associated with Mark Twain, both in connection with his own life as a river pilot and with those immortal epics of boyhood, "Tom Sawyer" and "Huckleberry Finn," and most of the places mentioned in the latter books are identified and described. The work of the Mississippi River Commission in its ceaseless task of controlling the strength of "Old Man River" and minimising the damage of floods receives a whole-hearted tribute. Difficulties were few, and dangers fewer, though the author quotes the remark of a shanty-boat-dweller to the effect that "You-all like the river, I reckon. You ain't seen her when she gets nasty—she's nobody's friend, she ain't—she's most everybody's grave." The book is so attractive a description of an unusual and, on the whole, a completely enjoyable venture that it will probably have the effect of inducing many others to follow the author's lead in exploring a river on whose neglect even by American canoeists he strongly comments. C. FOX SMITH.

The Lonsdale Keepers' Book, (Seeley Service, 15s.)

THE views of keepers are always interesting, and experience has shown that many of their "arts and mysteries" have a sound scientific foundation, even if the results had been achieved by trial and error and the average keeper did not know why he was doing a certain routine. It is some reflection on two generations of compulsory education that only a very limited percentage are able to realise the essential difference between the germicidal effect of boiling water and the performance of the same ritual with water nowhere near boiling-point. This book is a symposium of keepers' views, and its title is a perfectly accurate definition of its contents. It is knowledgeable about vermin, and the contributory keepers have much that is interesting

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to say. Whether other keepers less skilled with pen and ink would agree is a moot matter. Yet here are many pearls of wisdom, and it is an excellent book, in that it shows employers what their keepers should do, and shows what good keepers think of their task. To be a good gamekeeper is a very high calling. In older days the keeper was a friend of the family; to-day he is all too often only the employee of a syndicate. It is, perhaps, a pity that a chapter on shoot administration, the payment of beaters, stops, etc., the sale of game, and, in general, the quartermaster's side of a keeper's job was not included; but the book is fully worthy of the rest of the Lonsdale Library.

H. B. C. P.

Tournament Polo, by General Sir Beauvois de Lisle, K.C.B., K.C.M.G., D.S.O. (Eyre and Spottiswoode, 10s. 6d.)

THIS book of theory has the inestimable advantage of having been put into practice with truly remarkable results more than thirty years ago, when the author built up the Durham Light Infantry team that really created modern polo. So what General de Lisle has to say has behind it the weight of long experience and results. And it is a book that is needed. So many people who play polo—and high handicap players, too—seem to think that no preliminary practice is necessary—or, if they do, confine it to banging a ball madly up and down the ground or wild hitting in a polo pit; and even the best English teams seem to forget sometimes the art of combination. If, therefore, in this book, the author appears to labour the point about passing and placing the ball, and team play, he has ample justification. Although all the chapters are valuable, undoubtedly the most important are the first seven, which deal with the principles of polo, namely, passing, practice at full speed, and goal hitting, which are the bedrock of all successful team play; and with various preliminary exercises and practices. With regard to the third principle, I might humbly suggest that half-width goals for practice give admirable results, the full width then appearing as easy a mark as the proverbial haystack. The author writes chiefly about Indian conditions, but there is no one playing polo who cannot derive benefit from this book, or pleasure from Maurice Tulloch's illustrations.

C. E. G. H.

The Owner Groom, by T. Howe. (Country Life, 7s. 6d.)

A BOOK written by an amateur for amateurs is likely to be useful, provided that the information contained therein is based on sound principles. Mrs. Howe's book fulfills that condition; she has retained at least the point of view of the amateur, who should gain much from her book. In the simplest terms she deals with the elements of horsemanship, concentrating on the little details of stable management, the minor problems which confront the owner-groom every day, and are not always answered by the professors. For instance, she says: "Never let a shoemaker put a new sole on a riding boot unless he carries it the whole length of the boot." This piece of advice is seldom given, and yet I have personally seen people dragged by a half-sole getting caught in a stirrup iron. She also goes into the details of the cost of keeping a horse, a subject most writers seem to avoid.

C. E. G. H.

MODES IN MURDER

SINCE the great Mr. Holmes' "last bow," the short detective story has rather given place to the detective novel. It is not surprising as Miss Dorothy Sayers, who has written some brilliant short ones herself, says, you waste a good idea which would have done for a long detective novel, and you have no time to develop your characters. But lately two shining examples of the type have appeared to prove that detection can be as thorough and character as expressive in short detective stories as in long. "Trent Intervenes" (E. C. Bentley; Nelson, 7s. 6d.) contains such famous stories as "The Inoffensive Captain" and "The Clever Cockatoo," which have adorned the pages of many anthologies; but there are also some quite new to me, such as "The Public Benefactor" and "The Old-fashioned Apache," which abound in humour and skill. The crimes in the twelve stories vary from fraud to harbouring a "wanted" man, and from good old-fashioned knife-throwing to what can only be described as mental murder. Another set of short stories—"Mrs. Warrender's Profession" (G. D. H. and M. Cole; Crime Club, 7s. 6d.)—re-introduces Mrs.

Warrender of "A Lesson in Crime" fame; the tiresomeness of the title is the only thing which mars this entertaining set of five stories. Two of them, "The Toys of Death" and "Fatal Beauty," are scarcely short stories, as they run to nearly a hundred pages each. Less scrupulous authors than the Coles might have padded them out to full-length novels; as it is, they stand as very complete little stories, with an amount of technical knowledge, dialogue and characterisation which is usually missing from short detective stories. Mrs. Warrender's son, who is the official detective who gets the credit for his mother's deductions, has a fatuousness, like that of Captain Hastings, which palls after a bit; but the old lady herself is charming.

Miss Phœbe Atwood Taylor's new book, "Figure Away" (Crime Club, 7s. 6d.), cannot be blamed for tiresomeness of title; not only is it extremely expressive, but it will tell the reader all he needs to know, so long as he is not misled by the unfair picture on the jacket. Old Home Week at Billingsford, that quaint old Cape Cod village, was a riot of speeches, jam-judging and fireworks in the course of which a few murders could be committed with ease and impunity, until Asey Mayo, by dint of more than his usual amount of speeding and being shot at in woods, sorted out the suspects and spotted the murderer. Miss Taylor makes the activities of New Englanders sound like the strange tribal customs of some aboriginal race; which must be more interesting to the reader than gratifying to the Cape Codders.

Very different is Mr. Henry Wade's grimly realistic story "Released for Death" (Constable, 7s. 6d.), which tells a story of robbery and murder from the criminal's point of view. The scene is laid in a convict prison, in a series of saloon bars and cheap lodgings and police-stations; there is no glorification of crime in the Raffles manner, but the cat-burglar, Toddy Shaw, is sympathetically treated, and the causes which drive men to crime are fairly presented. Mr. Wade has always been good at the authentic details of police procedure, and at a kind of grim simplicity; but his latest books have also a power of characterisation and description which make them noteworthy novels as well as good detective stories.

A. C. H.

The Dog in Sport

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* Prospectus from 182, High Holborn, London, W.C.1

HARRAP

THE FIELD CHRISTMAS NUMBER

It is impossible here to enumerate the many good things contained in this year's Christmas Number, but it can be said with certainty that the high standard previously enjoyed is, once again, fully maintained.

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WINE NUMBER. The success achieved by last year's Wine Number has encouraged us to repeat this publication on December 10th. Leading authorities will again contribute a series of articles to adequately cover the whole subject.

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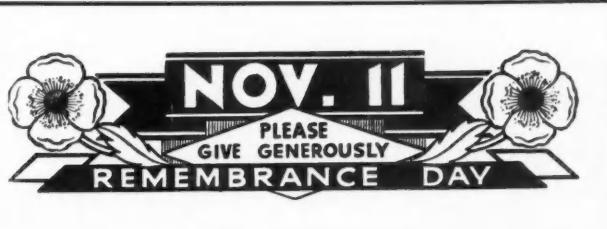
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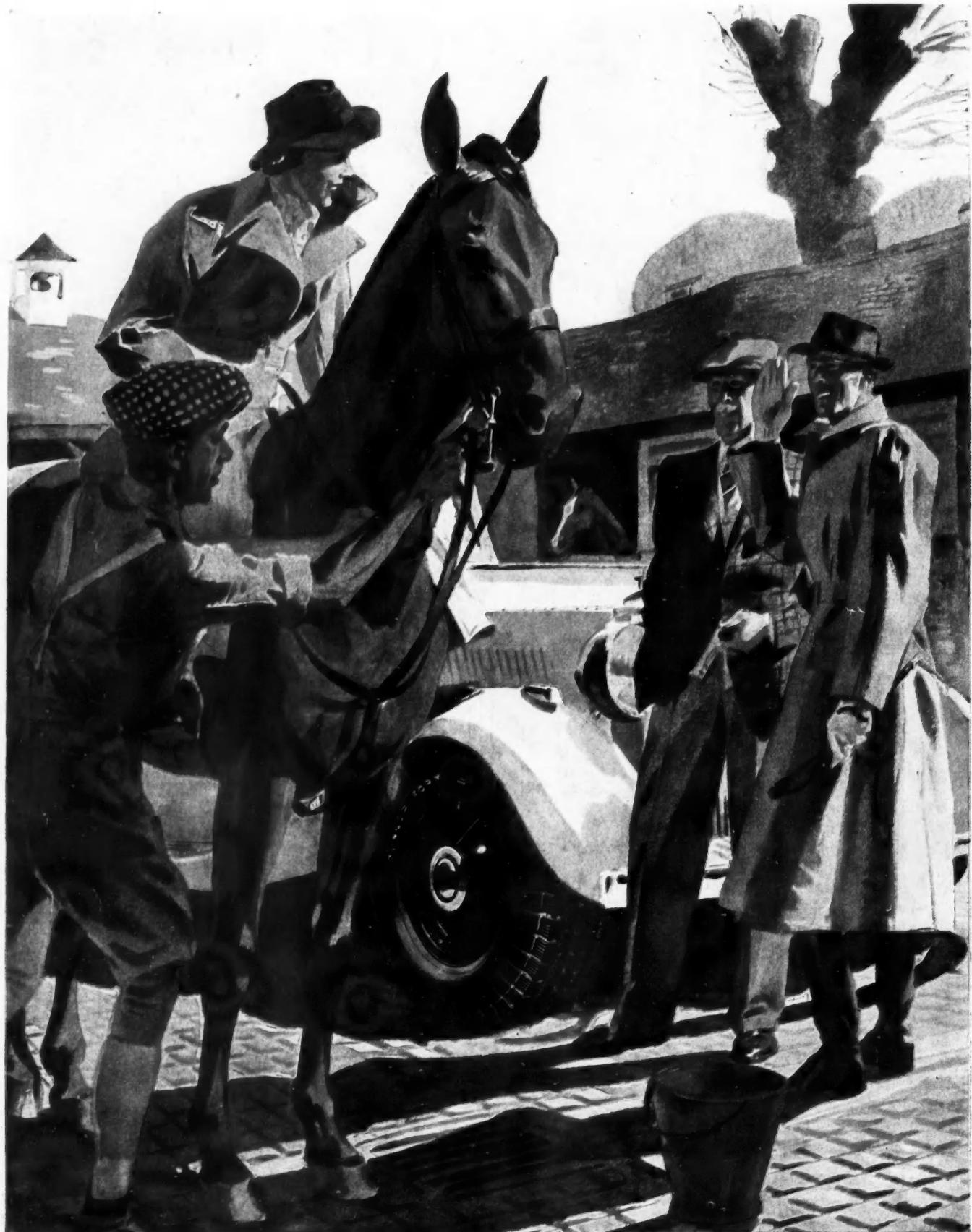
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C.F.H.